

MASKED RAIDER
No 5

ACTION PACKED ADVENTURES

MASKED RAIDER

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CODE



AUTHORITY

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

And 'TALON' the
Golden Eagle



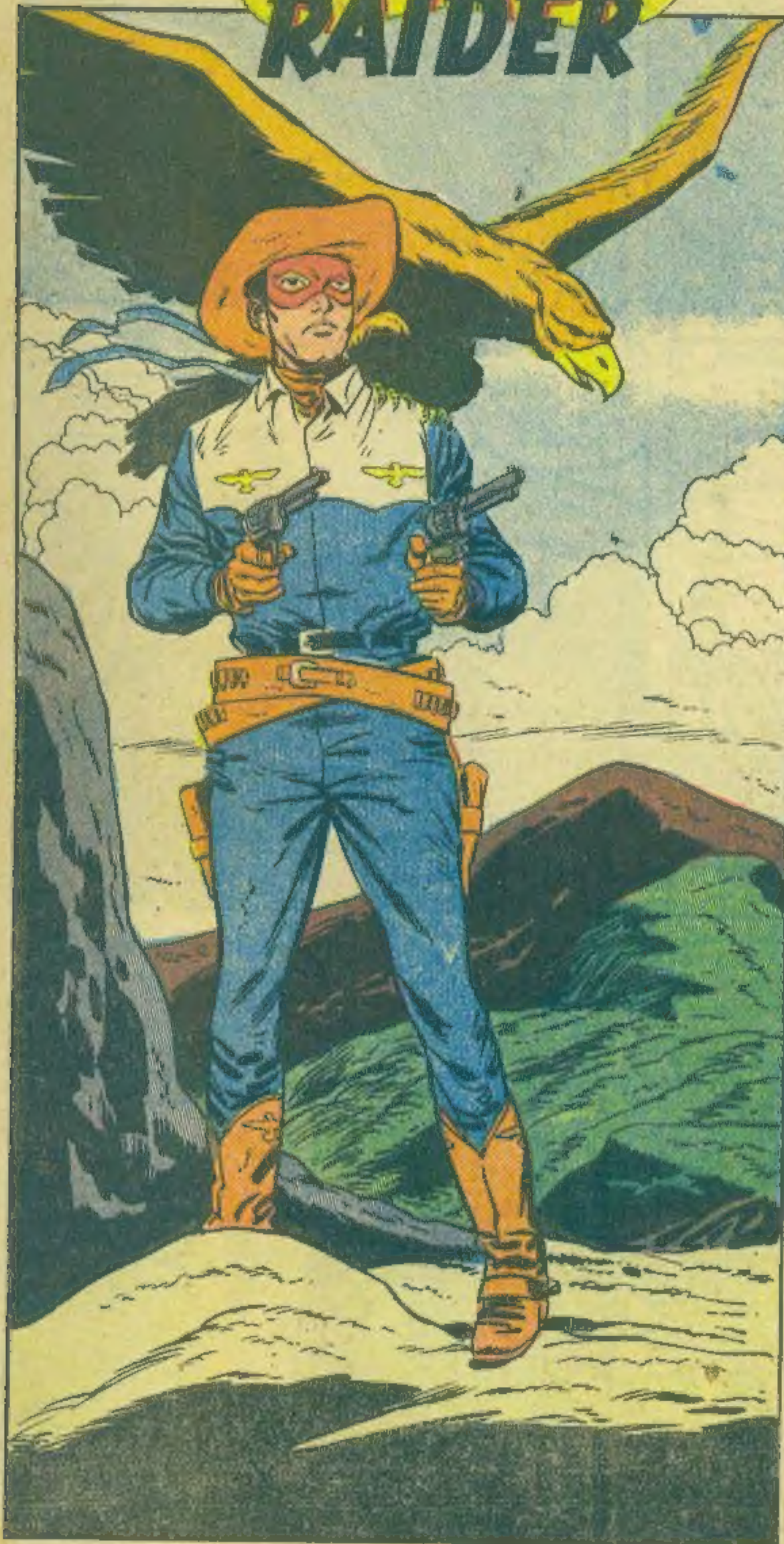
ALBERT

MASKED RAIDER

ONE MAN AND ONE EAGLE! THE STRANGEST PAIR THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE—AND ALSO THE DEADLIEST! ONE MAN—ONE EAGLE—

MASKED RAIDER

And 'TALON' the
Golden Eagle



INSIDE THE STAGE HEADED FOR
DOUGLAS CITY—

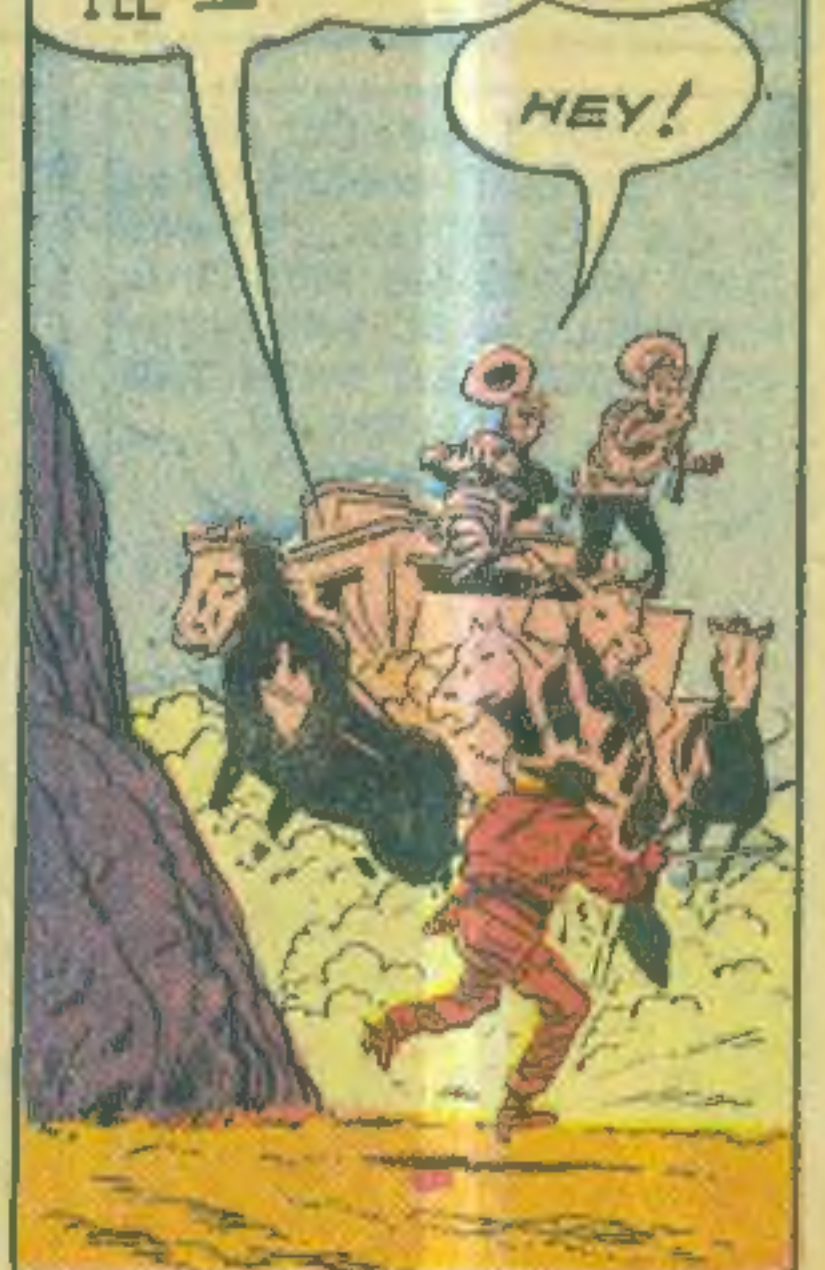
DON'T YOU
EVER TIRE OF THOSE LAW
BOOKS, LES WILCOX? A BODY'D
THINK FOR YOUR OLD DAD'S
SAKE, YOU'D TRY TO BE A
MITE LESS
DUDISH!

YOUR DAD'S A
SHERIFF, POLLY
GARRETT!...THAT DOESN'T
OBLIGE YOU TO WEAR A
DEPUTY BADGE—NOW
DOES IT?



NOW DON'T BE TRYING TO MOCK
ME WITH THOSE SLY JOKES
OF YOURS, LES WILCOX!
I'LL —

HEY!



JUMP DOWN PRONTO WITH THE STRONG BOX BETWEEN YOU... AND CALL THE PASSENGERS TO STEP DOWN WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!



WHEN POLLY GARRETT STEPS OUT, HER TEMPER IS HOT AS A BRANDING IRON—

YOU CALL YOURSELVES A STAGE CREW? ONLY ONE MAN... AND HE'S HOSTYING THE LOT OF YOU! ISN'T ANYBODY GOING TO DO ANYTHING..?



LATER—

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, MA'AM—THERE'S NOTHING THEY COULD'VE DONE!...WHEN BAD MIKE BALT GOES ROAD-AGENTIN', STAGE CREWS EITHER TURN CAUTIOUS...OR THE NEXT DAY THEIR WIDDERS ARE WISHING THEY HAD!



AFTER BAD MIKE HAS PASSED OVER THE RIDGE

POLLY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HE CUT A HORSE FROM THE TEAM—WHY CAN'T I? AFTER ALL, I'M A SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER...!



THE LEAST I CAN DO IS STAY ON BAD MIKE'S TRAIL WHILE IT'S FRESH...TO SEE JUST WHERE HE HITS THE FOOTHILLS... SO WHEN MY DAD RIDES OUT WITH THE POSSE, HE'LL KNOW WHERE TO HEAD!



TOO BAD POLLY SHOWED UP ON THE STAGE TODAY... SHE KNOWS ME TOO WELL AS LES WILCOX FOR ME TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A HAND WITHOUT GIVING AWAY MY SECRET! BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY! POLLY'S GONE OFF THIS WAY BEFORE—SHE'LL STAY ON THAT TRAIL TILL HER TEMPER FIZZLES OUT... THEN SHE'LL HEAD FOR DOUGLAS CITY, AND GET THERE BEFORE US.



BUT WHEN THE STAGE ROLLS INTO DOUGLAS CITY—

POLLY GARRET SHOW UP YET, DAD?

AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF HER, SON! ANYTHIN' WRONG?



MEANWHILE, IN THE FOOTHILLS—

I SAW LES WILCOX SMILING AS I RODE OFF FROM THE STAGE...IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO TURN BACK THIS TIME THE WAY I—

LOOKIN' FER ME, MA'AM?

GALT! NOBODY ELSE!... I SPOTTED YUH OVER AN HOUR AGO! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WAIT FOR A SNAKE BEND IN THE TRAIL, THEN MOSEY UP OFF ONTO THE HARDROCK, AND BACKTRAIL A MITE!

Y—YOU'LL TURN ME LOOSE IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU! MY DAD'LL BE COMING AFTER ME WITH A POSSE BEFORE LONG!

THAT'S JIST WHY I'M GOING TO HOLD ONTO YOU, MA'AM! YORE BEIN' AROUND WILL MAKE THAT POSSE THINK TWICE ABOUT THROWIN' LEAD IF THEY EVER CORNER ME!

LATER, BACK IN DOUGLAS CITY—

AREN'T YUH GOIN' TO CALL ON MY BOY, LES, TO RIDE WITH THUH POSSE, SHERIFF?

SORRY, WILCOX— THIS IS A MAN'S JOB WE'RE TACKLIN'... HE'D ONLY BE IN THUH WAY!

IF I'D KNOWN BACK WHEN I WAS AN INJUN SCOUT THET MY SON WOULD GROW UP TO BE THUH ONE MAN LEFT BEHIND WHEN A POSSE RIDES OUT...I'D HAVE LASSEOD ME ANOTHER BUFFALO INSTEAD.

TOO BAD...BUT OF A WIFE! FOR DAD'S OWN SAKE, I CAN'T LET HIM IN ON MY SECRET!

AS SOON AS THE OLD MAN IS SNORING IN BED—

HAVE TO MAKE TIME! I HAVE A LOT OF TERRITORY TO COVER TONIGHT!

MOUNTING UP WITH THE GRACE AND STRENGTH OF A BORN HORSEMAN, LES GALLOPS AWAY...

IT'S ALMOST DAWN WHEN HE REINS IN AT THE SECRET CAVE... AFTER A QUICK CHANGE INSIDE WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE THICKEST, HE STRIDES OUT AS THE MASKED RAIDER!

You, Too, Can Be Tough!

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Master Ju-Jitsu and you'll be able to overcome any attack—win any fight! This is what this book promises you! *Lightning Ju-Jitsu* will equip you with a powerful defense and counter-attack against any bully, attacker or enemy. It is equally effective and easy to use by any woman or man, boy or girl—and you don't need big muscles or weight to apply. Technique and the know-how does the trick. This book gives you all the secrets, grips, blows, pressures, jabs, tactics, etc. which are so deadly effective in quickly "putting an attacker out of business." Such as: Hitting Where It Hurts—Edge of the Hand Blow—Knuckle Jab—Shoulder Pinch—Teeth Rattler—Boxing the Ears—Elbow Jab—Knee Jab—Coat Grip—Bouncer Grip—Thumbscrew—Strangle Hold—Hip Throw—Shoulder Throw—Chin Throw—Knee Throw—*Breaking a Wristlock*, or Body Grip, or Strangle Hold—*Overcoming a Hold-up*, or Gun Attack, or Knife Attack, or Club Assault, etc. etc.—Just follow the illustrations and easy directions, practice the grips, holds and movements—and you'll fear no man.



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NOW HE CLIMBS A STEEP, HIGH-WINDING MOUNTAIN TRAIL UP TO WHERE IT ENDS A SHEER ROCK. AND THERE HE STANDS AND WHISTLES AND WHISTLES PIERCINGLY...



HIS STRAINING EARS SENSE A FAINT STIRRING IN THE EYRIE ABOVE...A HISSING...THEN A SERIES OF HIGH PITCHED SQUEALS...



THEN A RUSHING, SWELLING, THUNDEROUS NOISE AS A GIANT BIRD COMES BEATING DOWN...



ONLY TO BRAKE HARD WITH WINGS AND FEET TOGETHER AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT—AND LAND WITH TENDER LIGHTNESS ON THE MASKED RAIDER'S SHOULDERS.



TWO OF THEM, TALON—SEE? ON TWO HORSES. ONE IS A MAN—THE OTHER A WOMAN. WEARING A RED DRESS. DRESS—LIKE THIS RED—THE COLOR OF MY MASK.



THEY'RE SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, TALON. YOU FIND THEM! DON'T ATTACK! VERY IMPORTANT—DON'T ATTACK! SIGNAL TO ME—I'LL COME RIDING. NOW FLY, TALON, FLY!



TALON JUTS HIS BREAST FORWARD AND WITH A CLAP OF HIS GIANT WINGS, STARTS TO TAKE AIR! A MOMENT'S GROPING...AND HE'S FOUND A STRONG UP-DRAFT DEFLECTED OFF THE CLIFF! USING THE WIND AS A TOW-LINE, HE SPIRALS UPWARDS...

THE MINUTES DRAG SLOWLY BY...

NOTHING TALON CAN'T SEE WITH THOSE EYES OF—HE'S STOPPED CIRCLING! HE SPOTTED THEM! THOSE DIVES AND SWOOPS MEAN HE'S SPOTTED THEM!



COULDN'T LET HIM ATTACK—POLLY MIGHT GET HURT...HE'S LEVELLING OFF NOW!



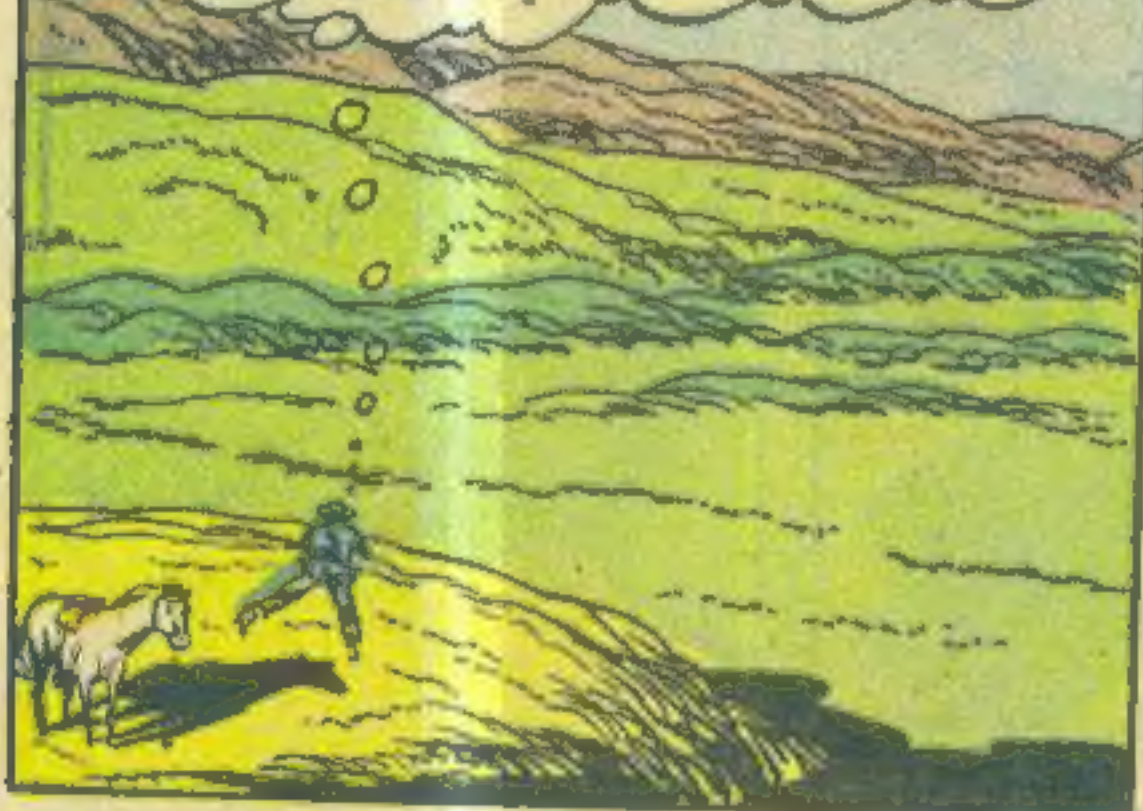
AFTER SIGNALLING BACK TO TALON BY WAVING HIS SOMBRERO, THE MASKED RAIDER CLIMBS DOWN FAST TO WHERE HIS HORSE IS TETHERED—

BAD MIKE GALT, HERE I COME!



LATER...

TALON'S SIGNALLING THAT THEY'RE UP ON THE ROCK LEDGE! ONLY WAY I'LL EVER GET ACROSS THAT OPEN SPACE WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED, IS IF GALT'S SLEEPING OFF THE FULL NIGHT'S RIDE IT MUST'VE TAKEN THEM TO GET HERE...!



BUT AS THE MASKED RAIDER STARTS THE SLOW CRAWL FORWARD, GALT IS WIDE AWAKE!

THAT'S THUH MASKED RAIDER HEADED THIS WAY! I HAVE' TA DO SOMETHING PRONTO... THET GALOOT'S PIZEN ON OWLHOOTS! HMM—THUH GAL'S FAST ASLEEP! MAYBE IF I WAKED HER SUDDEN-LIKE AND STARTED TALKIN' FAST... HMMM!



GET UP! SHHH— TAKE THIS GUN! THERE'S A MASKED OWLHOOT COMIN' FER US... HIM AN' HIS GANG'S AFTER THUH LOOT I TOOK FROM THE STAGE! YOU STOP HIM FROM HERE WHILE I TRY HANDLIN' THUH REST OF THUH GANG CREEPIN' UP THUH BACK TRAIL...!



WH-WHAT? WHO?

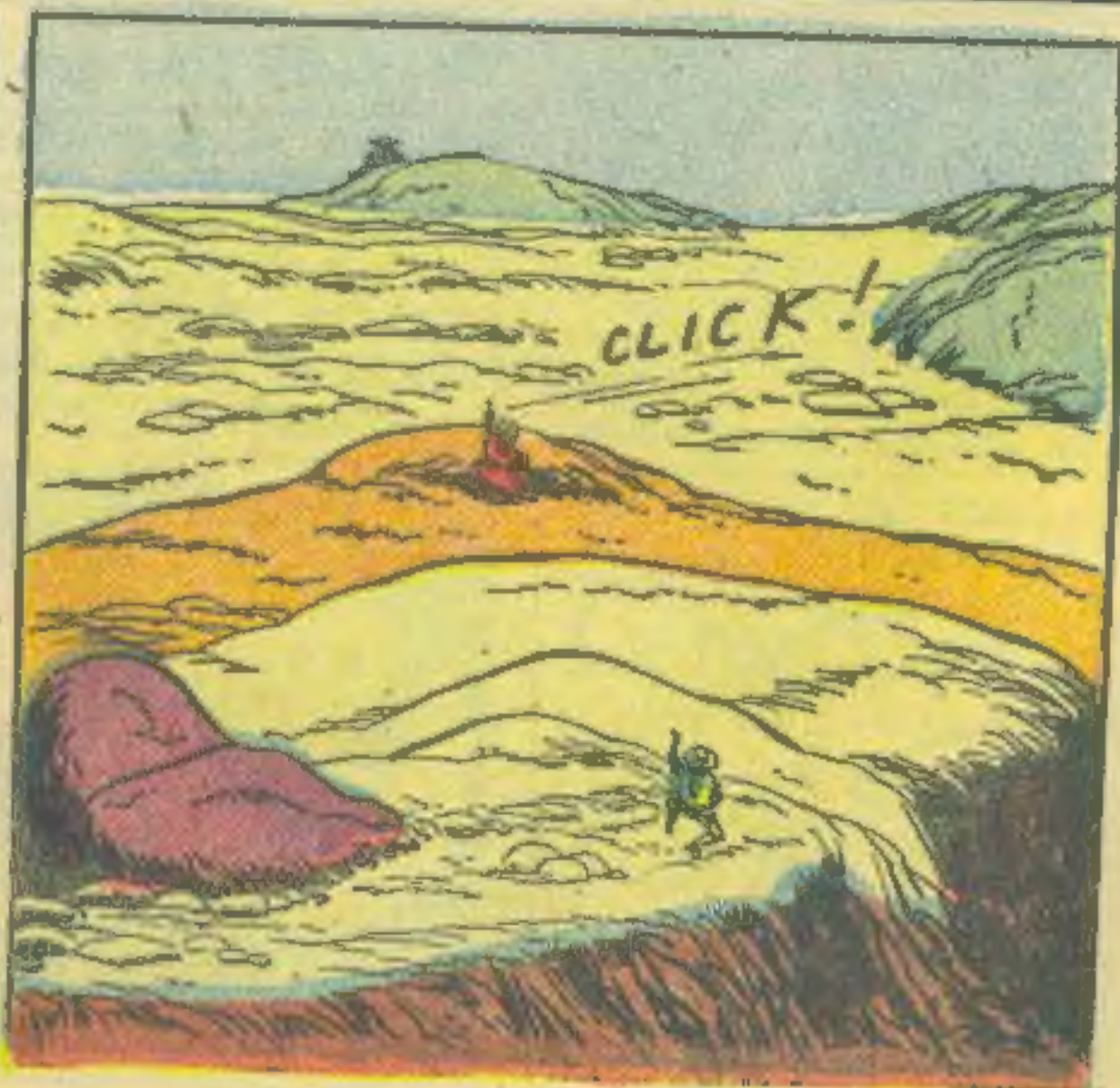
NO TIME FER QUESTIONS! THEY ARE ALL KILLERS! SHOOT AS SOON AS YOU GET HIM IN YOUR SIGHTS...!



H-HE MUST BE TELLING THE TRUTH...OTHERWISE HE'D NEVER HAVE TRUSTED ME WITH A GUN!



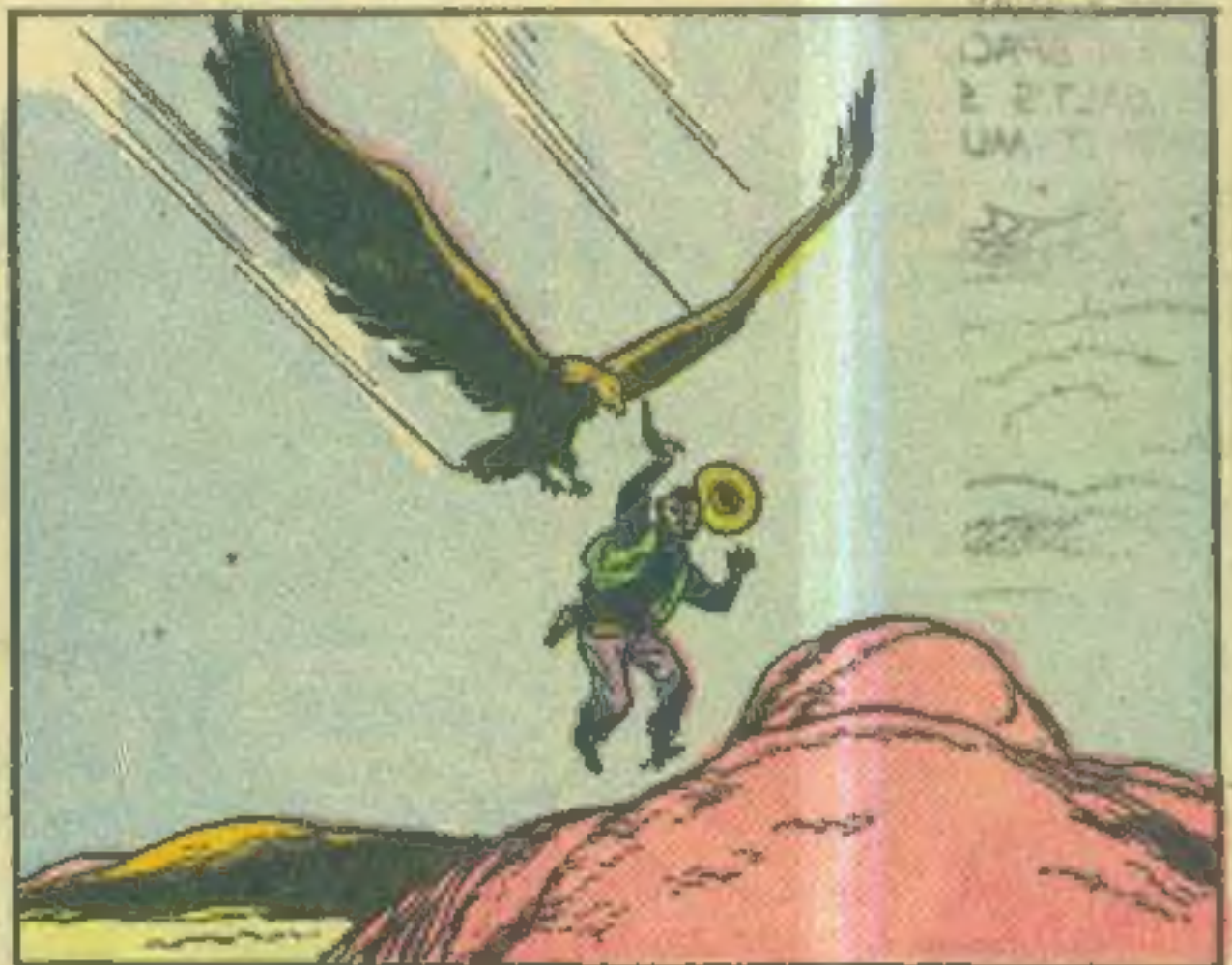
THET GUN I GAVE HER IS EMPTY! SHE'LL SQUEEZE TRIGGER... THUH MASKED RAIDER'LL HEAR THUH CLUCK...AND WHILE HE'S BUSY FIGGERIN' OUT WHUT'S HAPPENIN', I'LL PERCOLATE HIM FROM HERE!



BUT BEFORE GALT CAN FIRE, THERE'S THE RUSHING NOISE OF A GIANT BIRD'S DIVE —



AND TALON — THE SECOND HALF OF THE STRANGEST PAIR THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE — ATTACKS!



OBEYING THE MASKED RAIDER'S SHARP COMMAND, TALON SOARS UP... BUT NOW THE CLIFF'S EDGE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE UNDER THE TEETERING



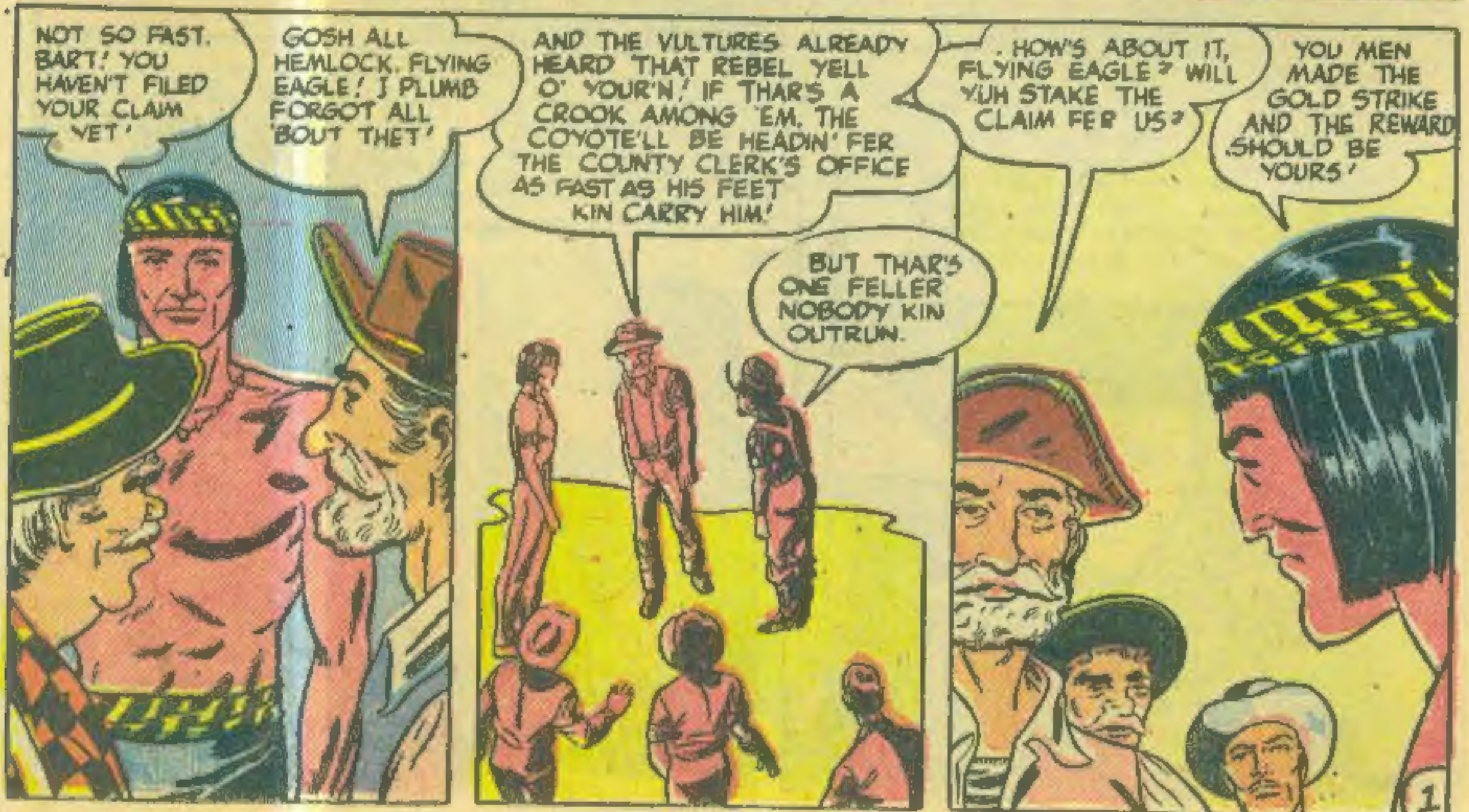
THAT NIGHT... WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL DAY? BET YUH DONT EVEN KNOW THUH POSSE BROUGHT POLLY IN! THUH PORE GAL'S MIGHTY UPSET — KEEPS BABBLIN' ABOUT A MASKED MAN AN' AN EAGLE? HEY — YOU LISTENIN'?



BOOKS! NOTHIN' BUT DRATTED BOOKS! BELIEVE YOU ME — IF I'D KNOWN BACK WHEN I WAS AN INJUN SCOUT THET MY SON WOULD GROW UP TO BE...



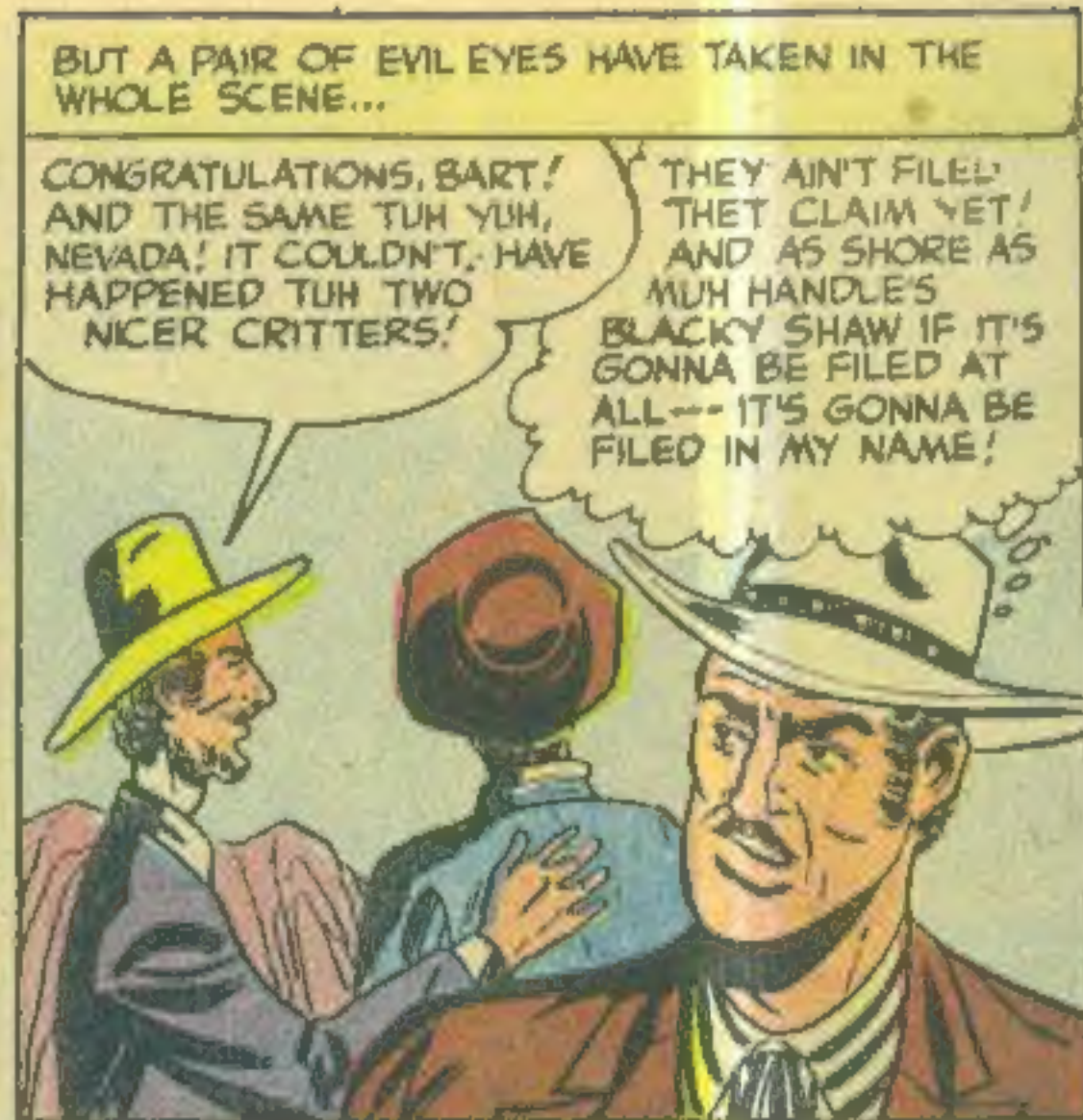
FLYING EAGLE





I'LL STAKE
THAT CLAIM
FOR YOU!

THAT FLYING EAGLE HAS THE FASTEST
PAIR O' FEET IN ALL THESE HYAR
PARTS! THE CLAIM'S AS GOOD
AS FILED NOW!



BUT A PAIR OF EVIL EYES HAVE TAKEN IN THE
WHOLE SCENE...

CONGRATULATIONS, BART!
AND THE SAME TUH YUH,
NEVADA! IT COULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED TUH TWO
NICER CRITTERS!

THEY AIN'T FILED
THET CLAIM YET!
AND AS SHORE AS
MUH HANDLE'S
BLACKY SHAW IF IT'S
GONNA BE FILED AT
ALL--- IT'S GONNA BE
FILED IN MY NAME!



MEBBE I CAN'T OUTRUN THET
FLYING EAGLE, BUT I KNOW
SOMEONE WHO KIN!



IN A FEW MINUTES....

HE'S GOT A BIG HEAD START,
BUT IT AIN'T GONNA DO HIM
ANY GOOD! THARS NO
HUMAN ALIVE WHO KIN
OUTRUN A HOSS!

GID'DAP!



JUST A FEW MORE MILES TO GO---
HUH! GOSH, THAT RIDER APPEARS
TO BE IN AN AWFUL HURRY
TO GET SOMEWHERE!



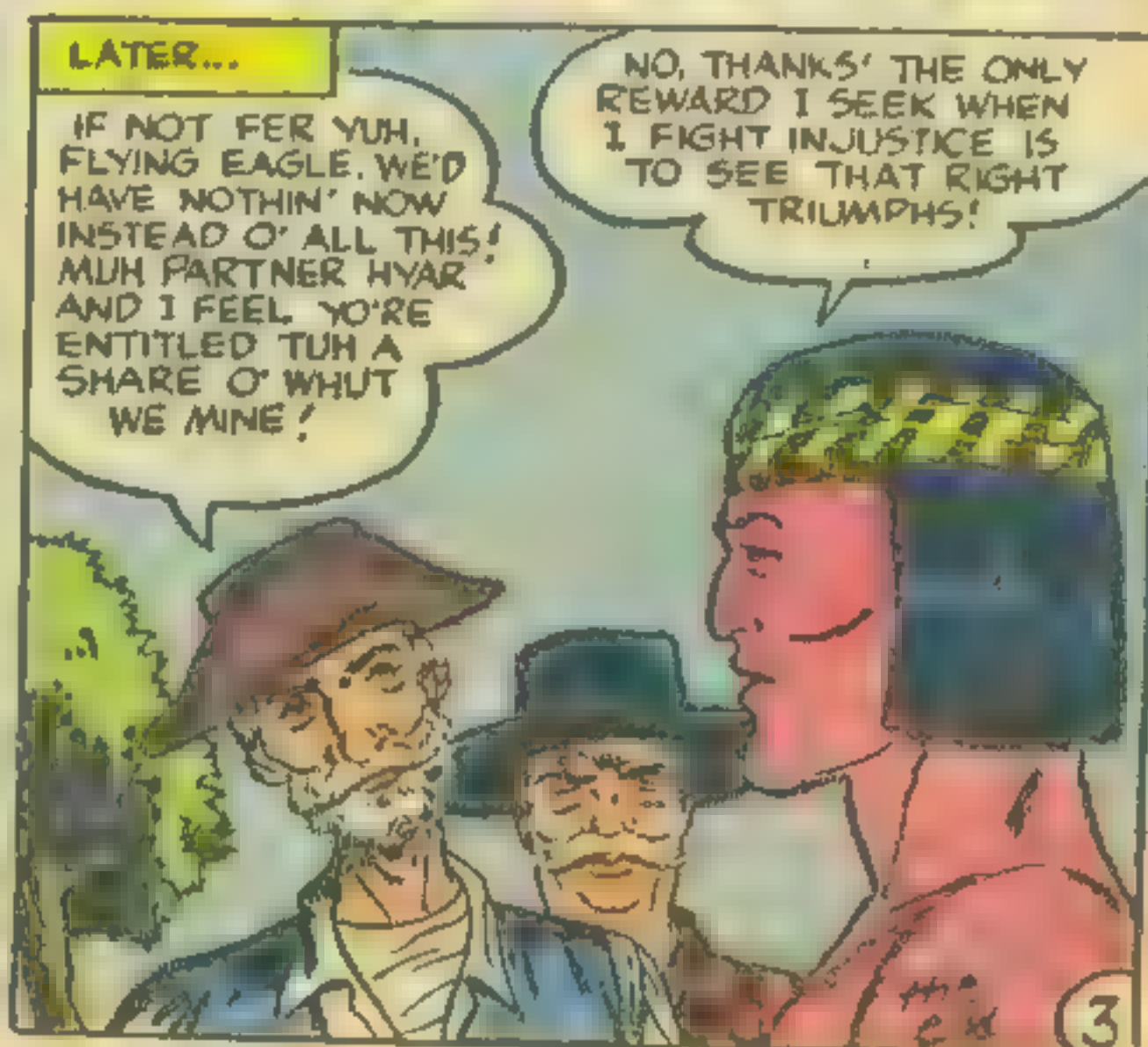
SHORTLY AFTER, UP AHEAD...

I HEARD TELL THET THIS FLYING
EAGLE AINT THE KIND O'
COYOTE TUH TAKE CHANCES WITH!
IF I TWE THIS RIGHT, HE AIN'T
GONNA BE ANY COMPETITION
TUH ME FER A LONG
SPELL--- HA, HA!

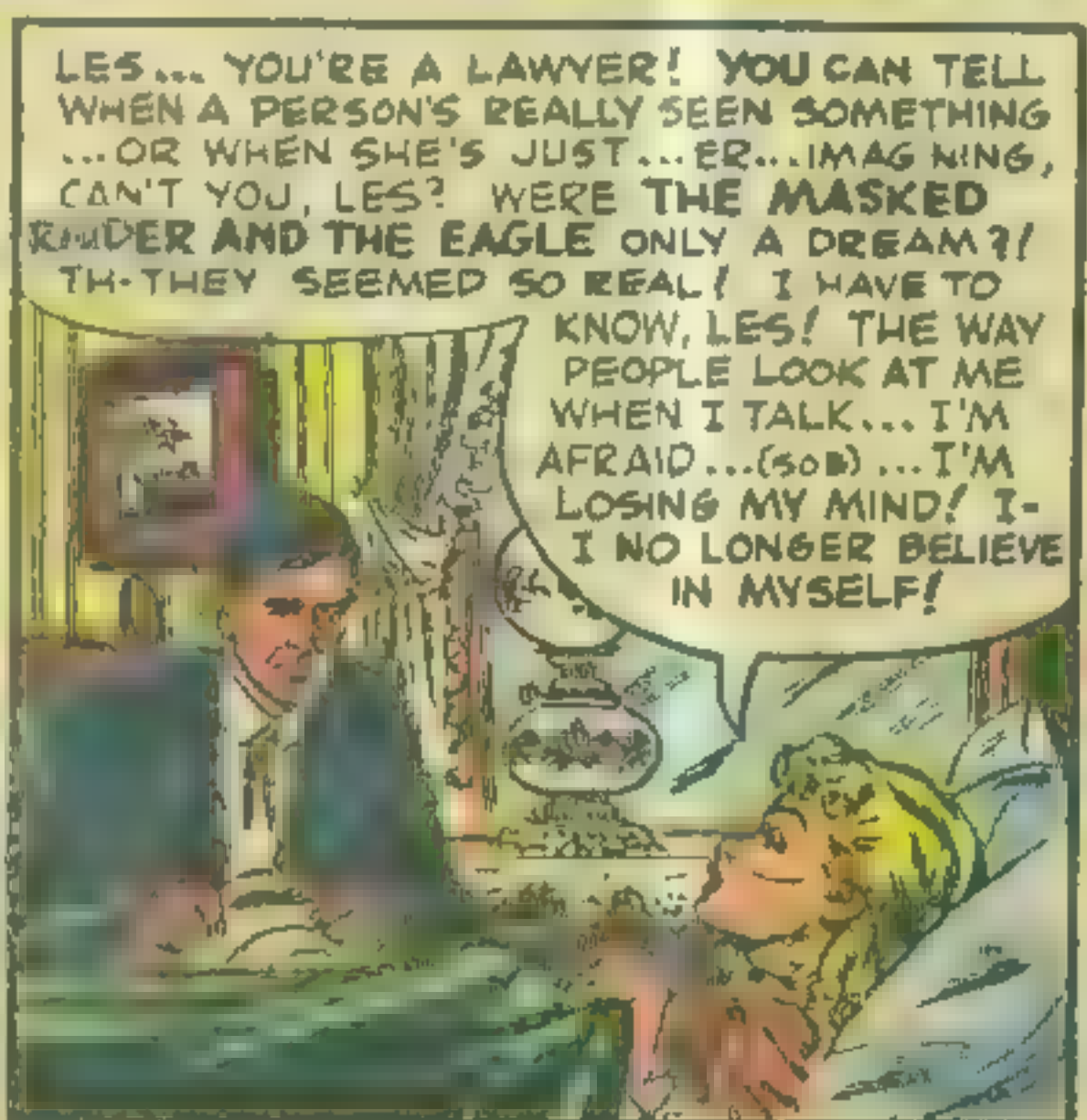


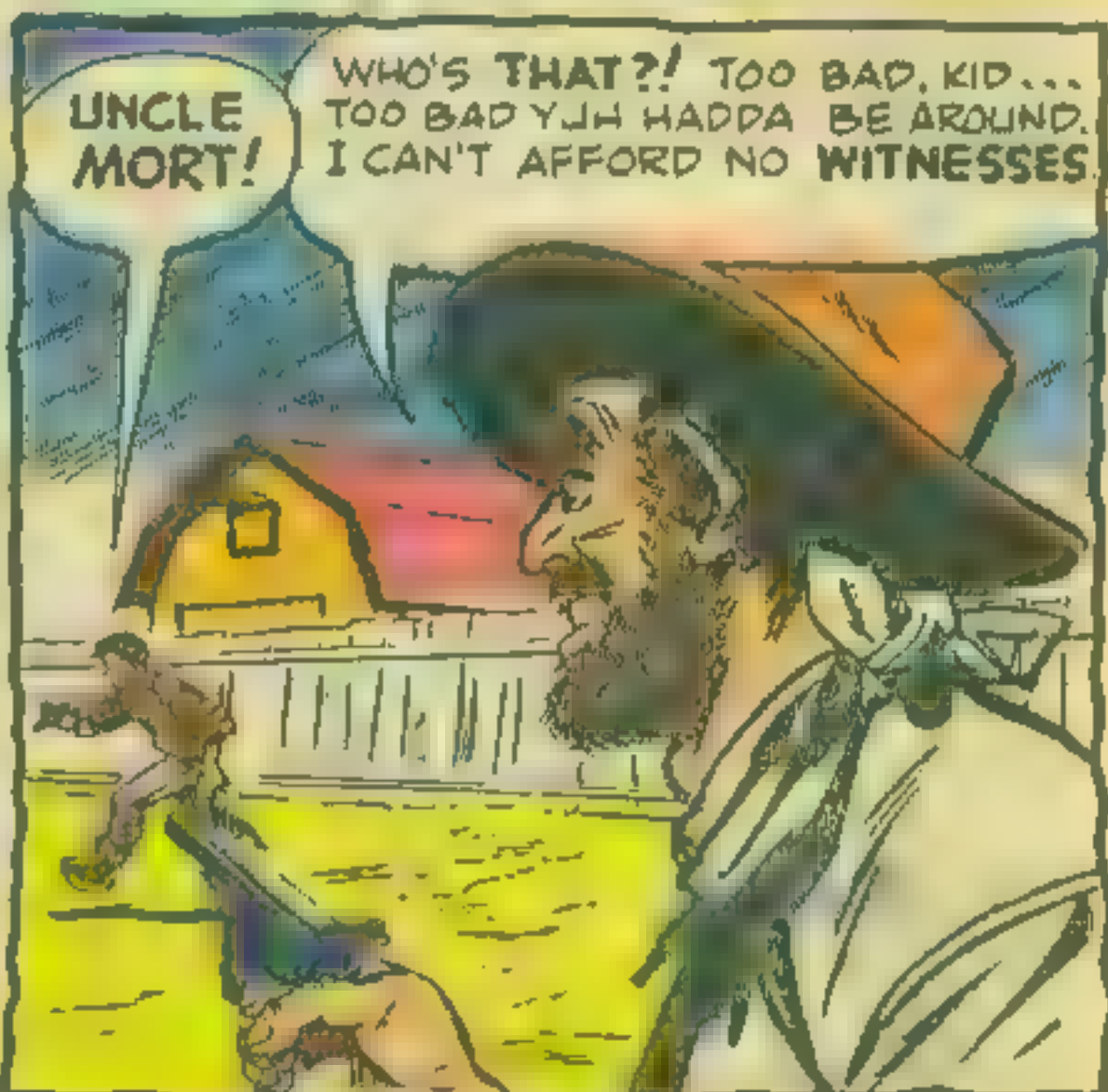
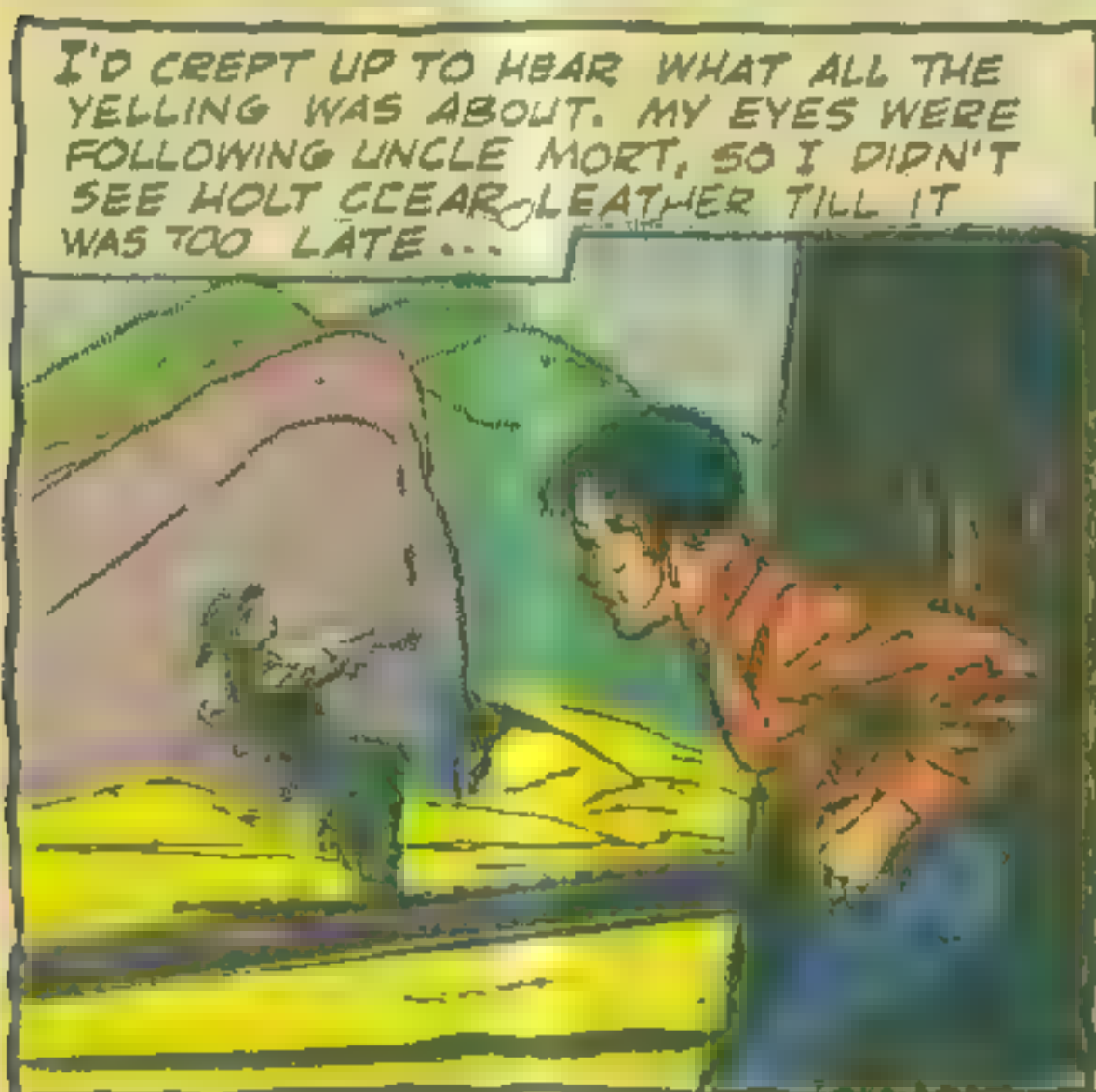
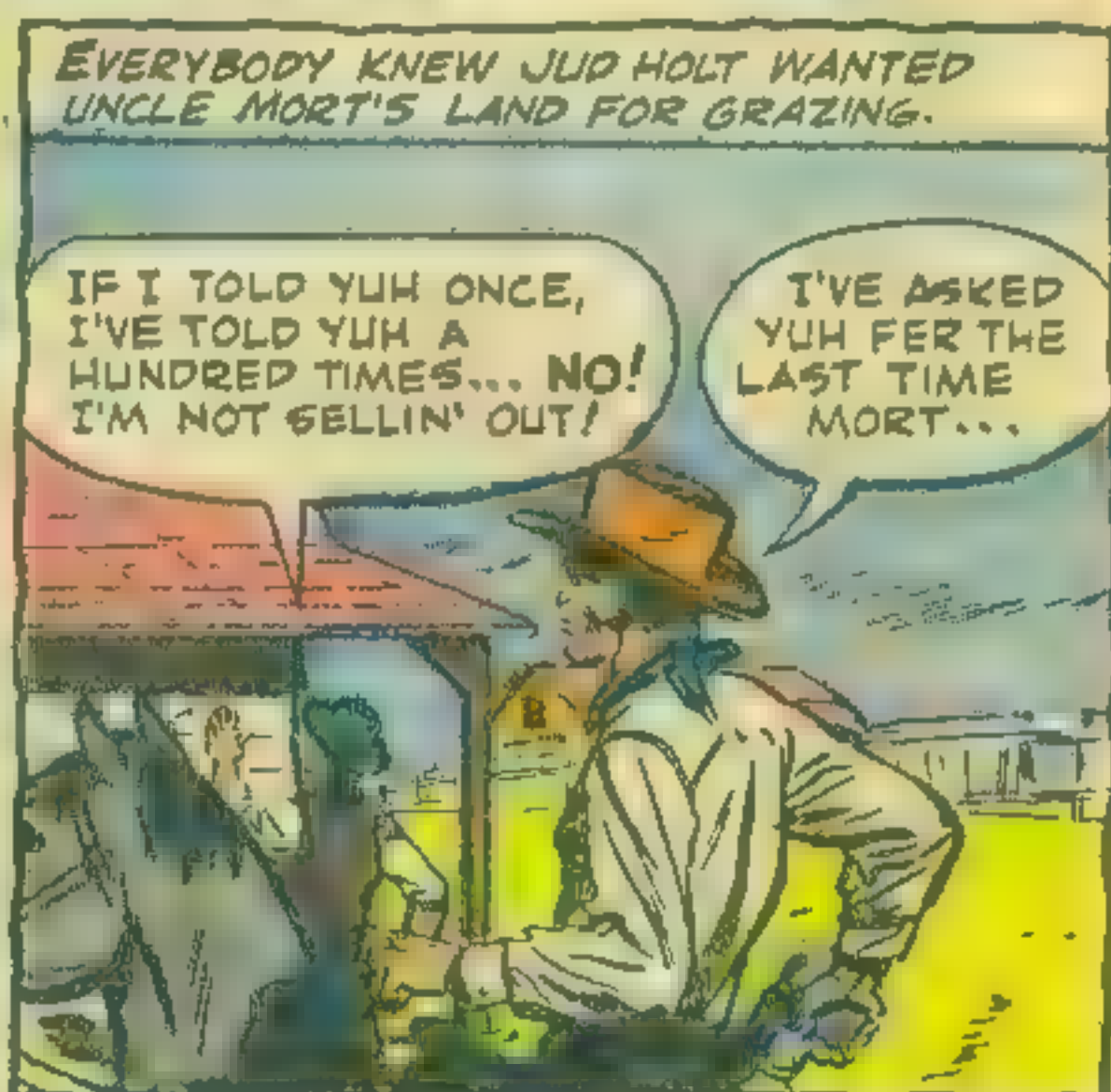
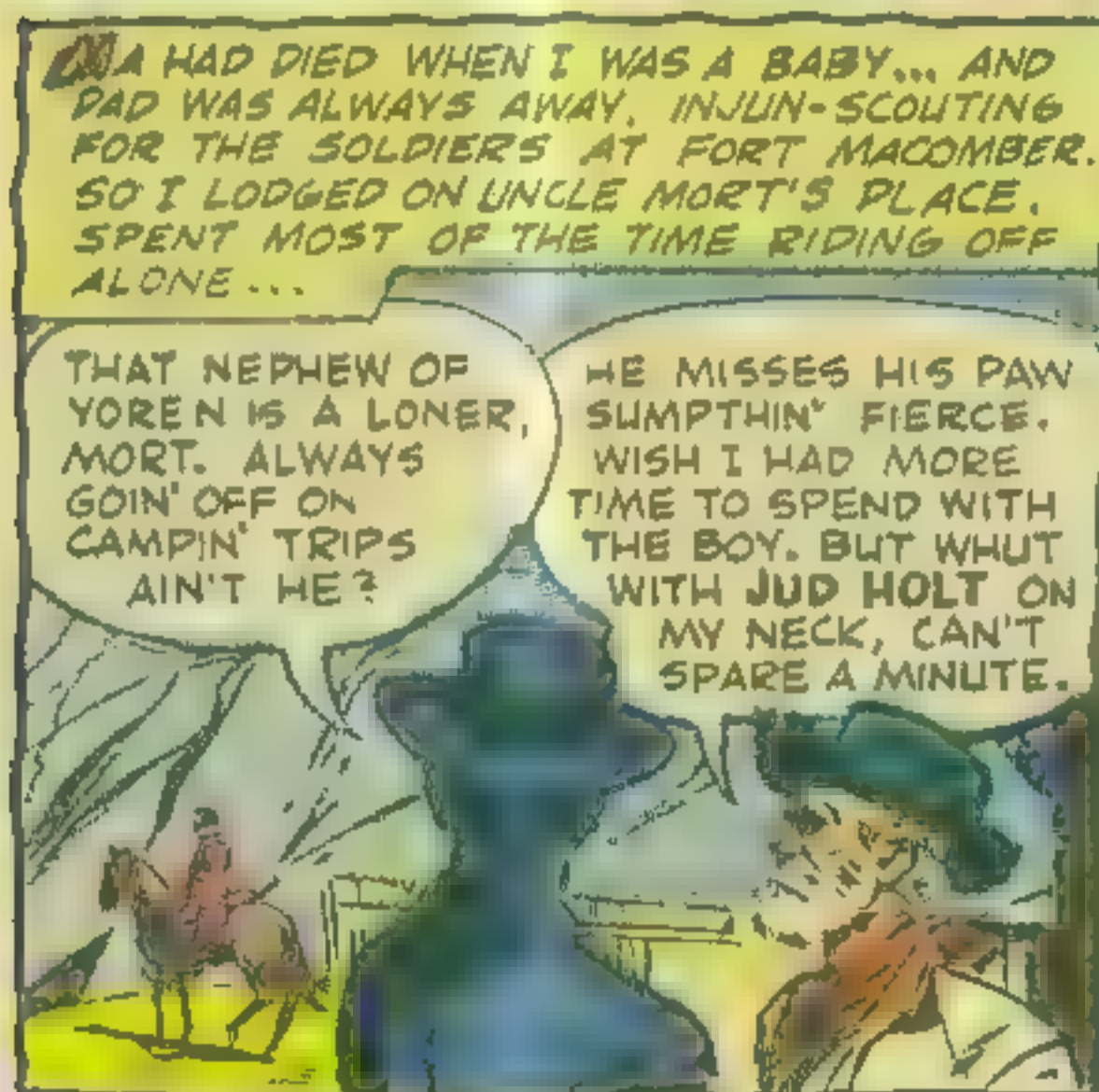
THAT TREE--- IT'S
FALLING RIGHT
IN MY PATH!

CRACK!



THE BOY AND THE EAGLE







Just to prove how easily a few spare hours CAN EARN YOU

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Cards as illustrated. Yes, **JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY** is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at \$2 to \$3 if bought separately.

This special offer is made to men, women, boys and girls for one reason — to let you see for yourself how easy it is to make lots of extra spending money with this wonderful selling plan. So our offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments **ON APPROVAL**, together with complete **MONEY-MAKING PLAN** and **FREE** Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry — this offer may not be repeated.

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- 7 Convalescent Cards
- 9 Birthday Cards
- 1 Belated Birthday Greetings
- 1 Friendship Card
- 1 Sympathy Card
- 1 Congratulations
- 21 Envelopes

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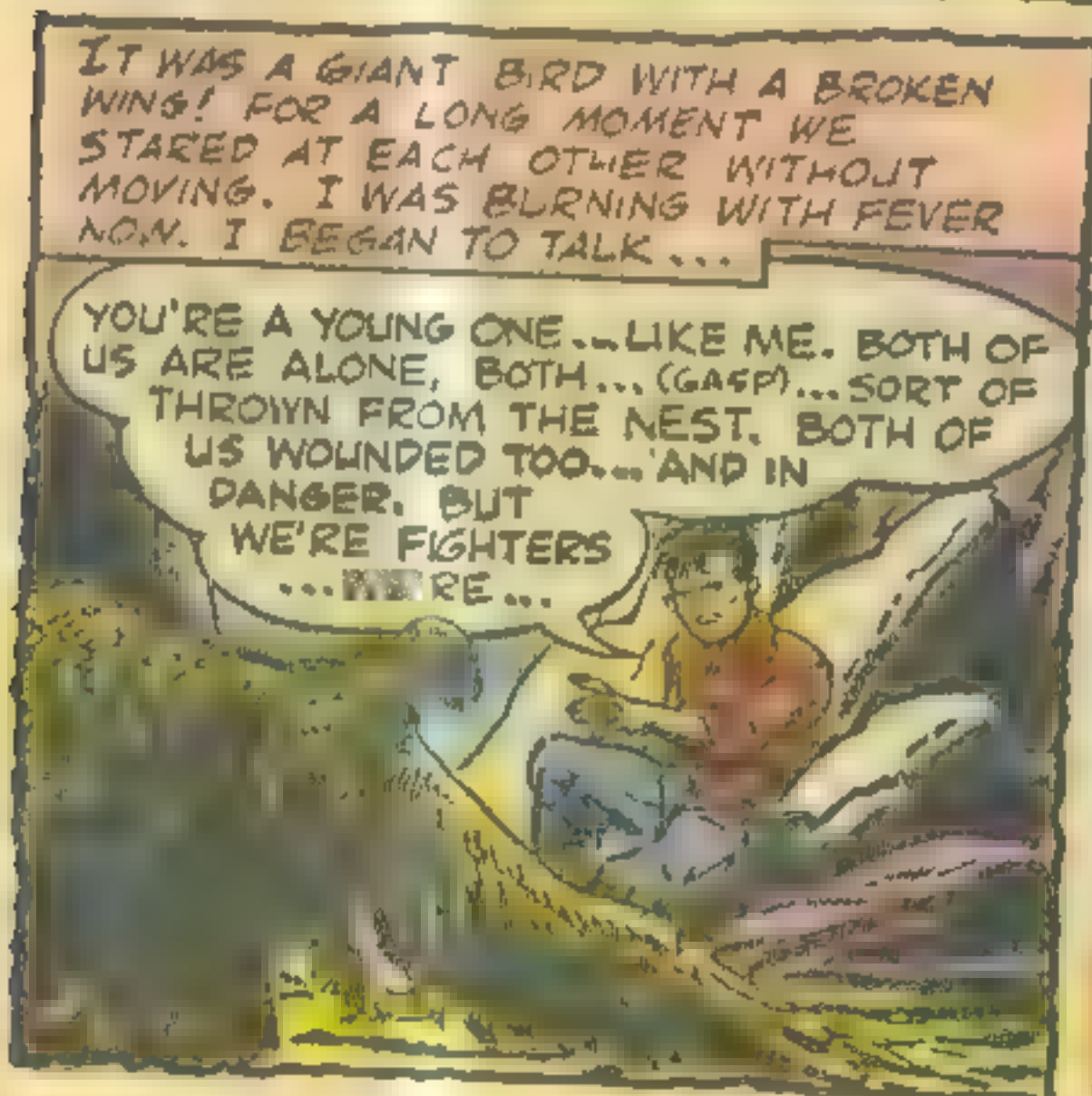
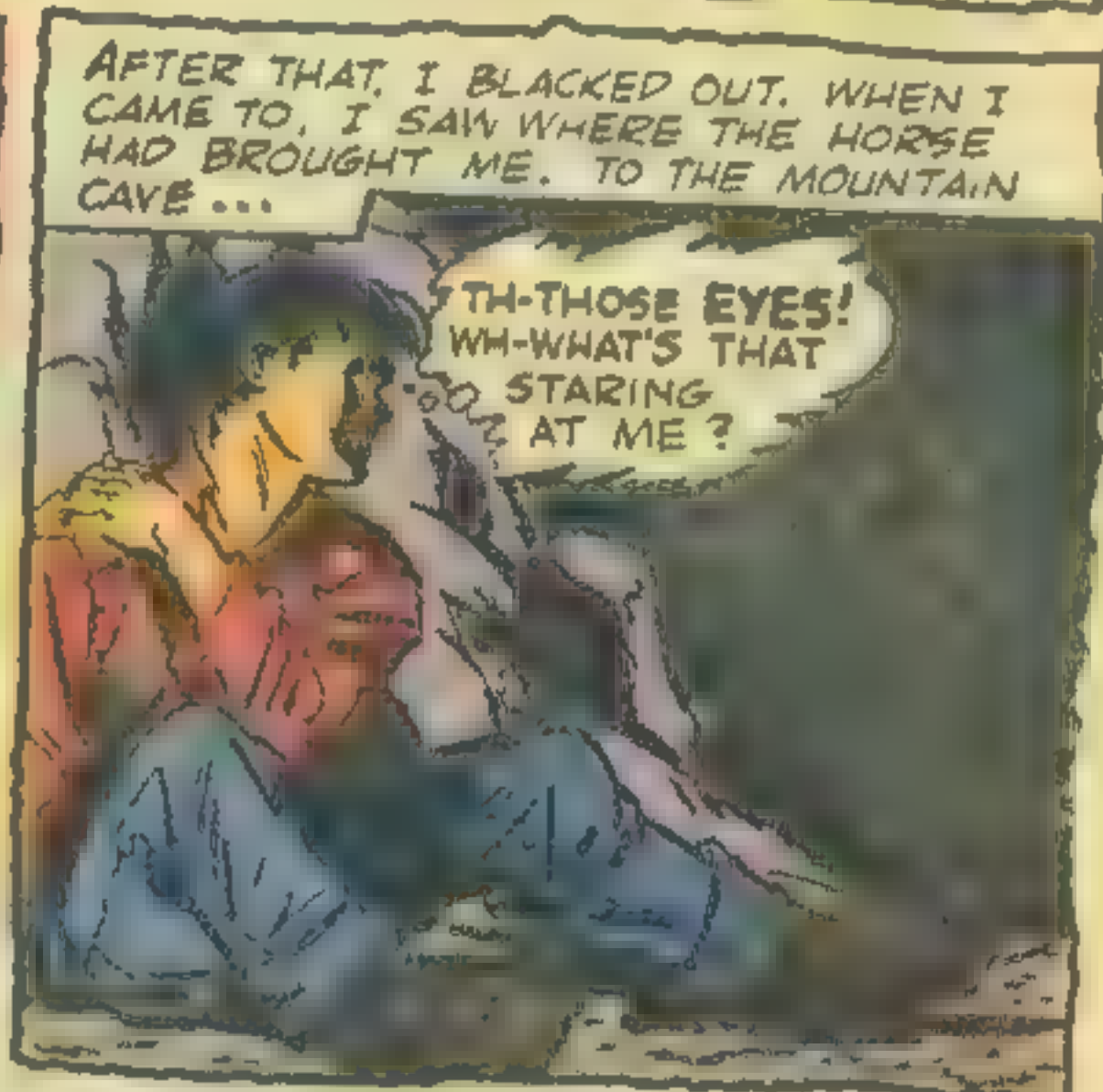
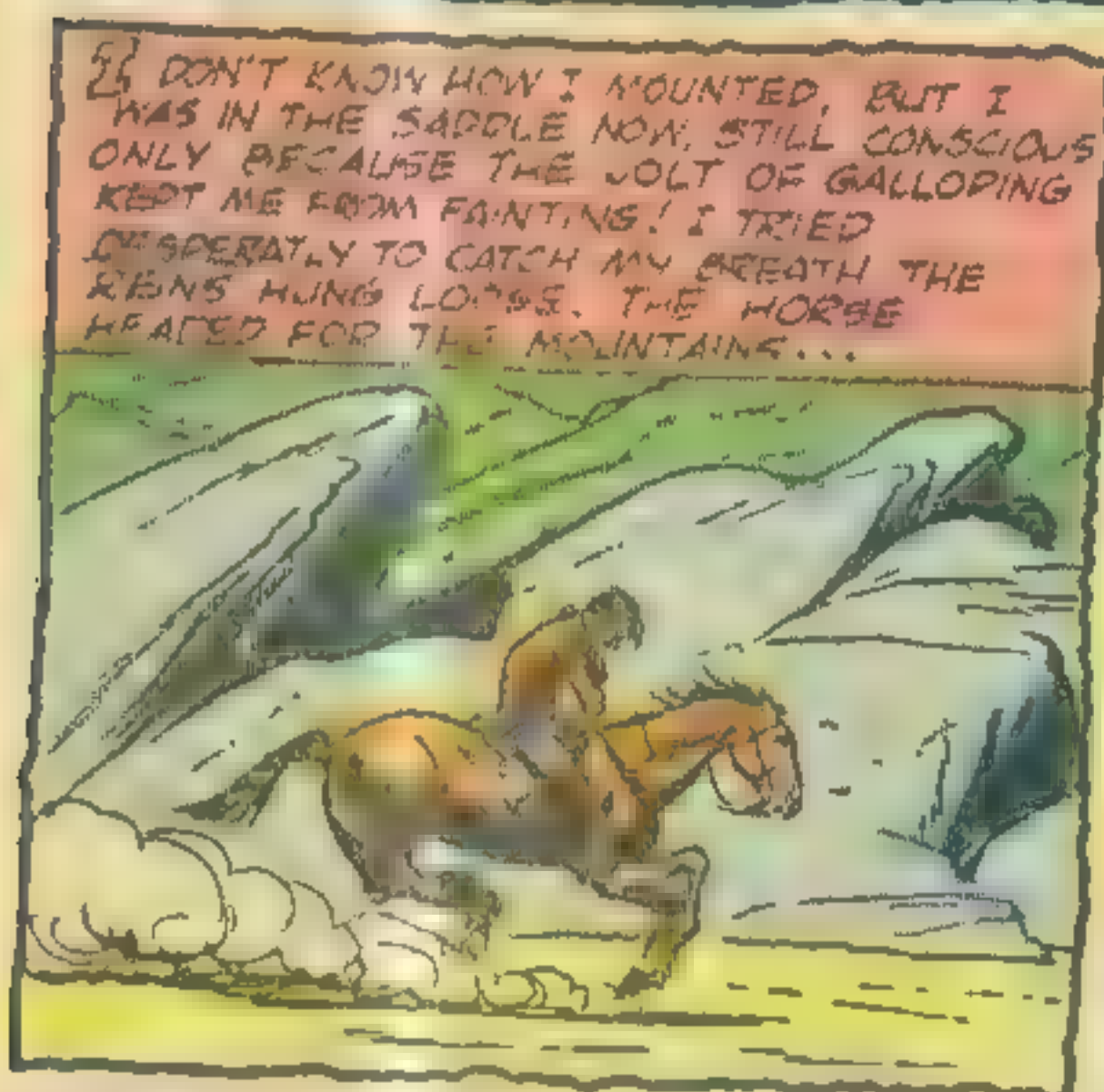
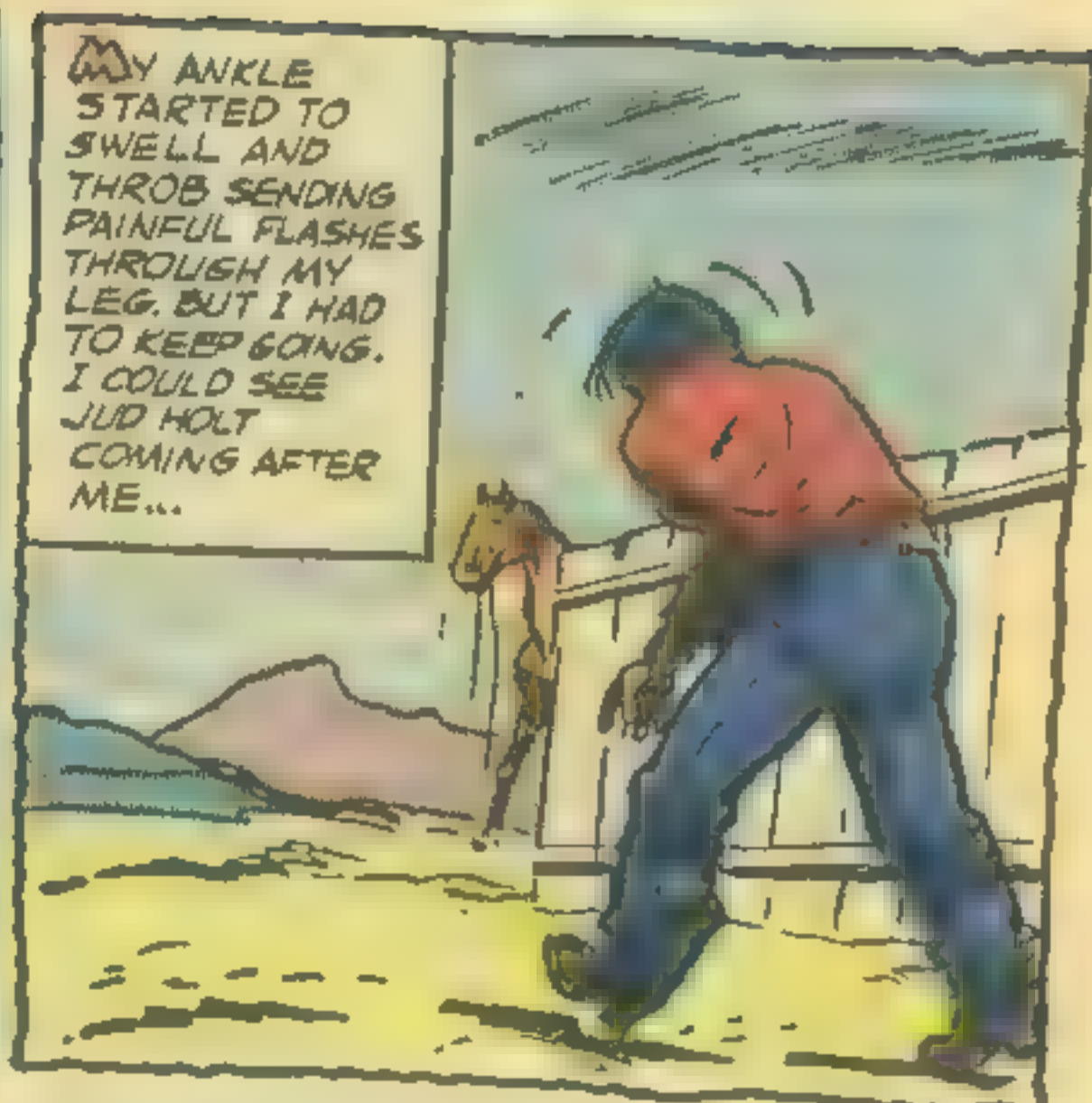
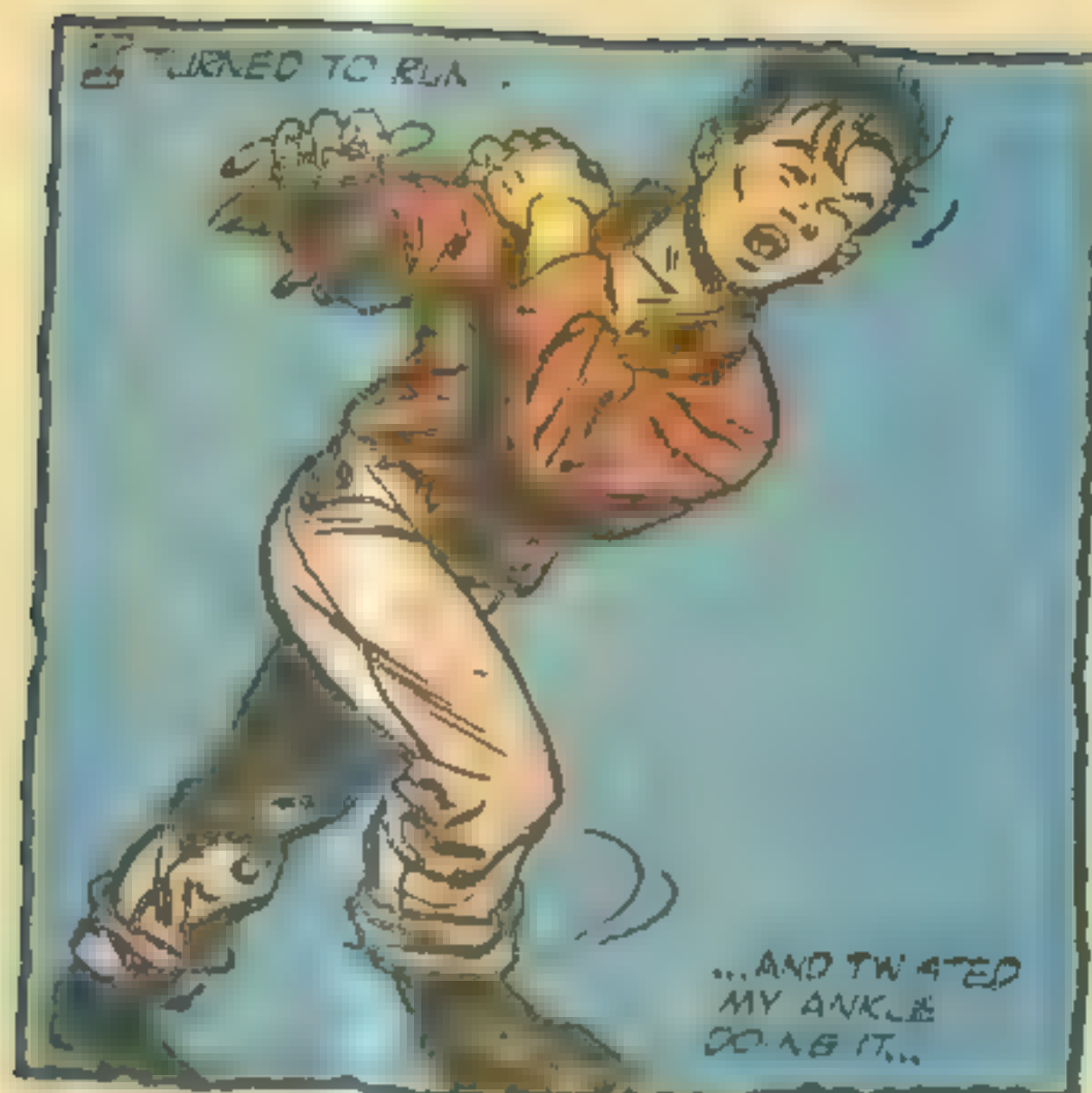
I accept your wonderful offer. Send me sample assortments **ON APPROVAL** plus **ONE BOX OF ALL-OCCASION CARDS** for which I enclose in the enclosed money order of one cent. Also include **FREE** Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm extremely interested in making money in spare time.

Name

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☐ Check here for Club or Group Fund Raising Plan



HE KEPT TRYING TO TAKE AIR, BUT THE
BROKEN WING WAS CRUEL BALLAST,
DRAGGING HIM DOWN...

C-CAN'T LET YOU GO! CAN'T!
YOU'D BE HURT... JUST LIKE
HOLT WOULD HURT ME IF HE
FOUND ME NOW!

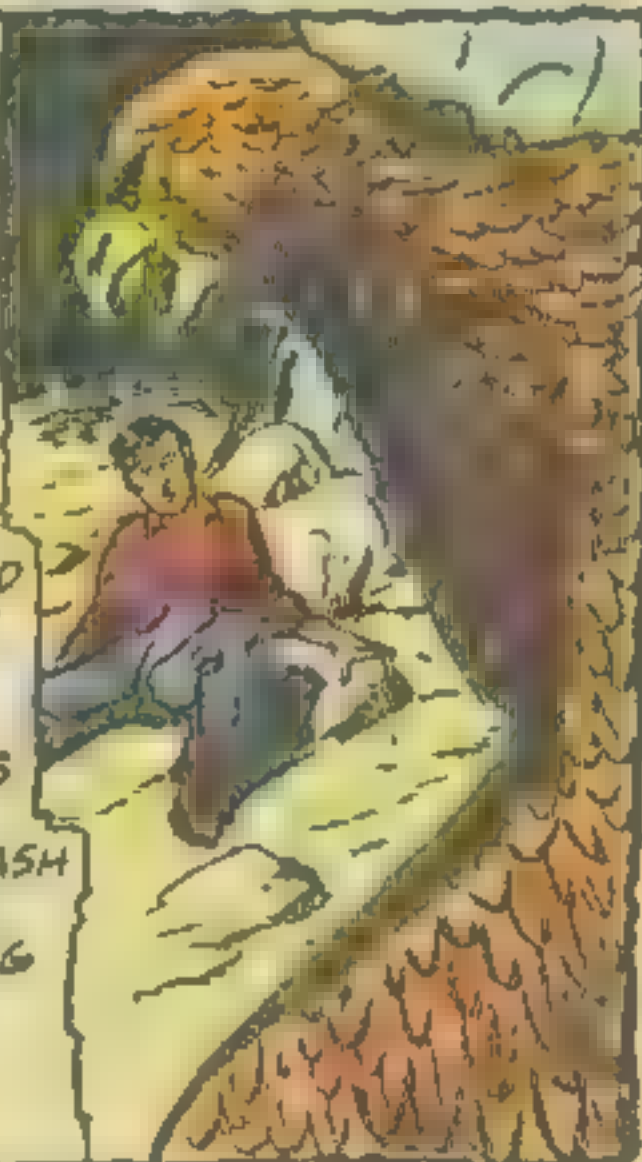


IF HE HADN'T
BEEN WEAK
WITH HUNGER,
HE'D HAVE
TORN MY EYES
OUT. I KEPT
BEARING
DOWN, CRYING
TO HIM ALL
THE TIME
THAT HE MUST
STAY, THE
TWO OF US
WERE KIN...
AND AT LAST
I HAD ROPE
JESSES AROUND
HIS FOOT WITH
AN IMPROVISED
LEASH TIED
TO A SCRLB
NEAR THE
CAVE MOUTH...



YOUR TALON'S
DID THIS! I'LL
CALL YOU
TALON!

I'D COME TO THIS
CAVE MANY TIMES
BEFORE TO SIT
IN THE THICK
SHADOWS AND
BROOD ABOUT DAD.
THAT'S HOW COME
I HAD A FOOD
CACHE THERE. IF
NOT FOR THAT
FOOD CACHE I'D
NEVER HAVE PULLED
THROUGH THE NEXT
FEW DAYS. THEY
PASSED QUICKLY
WITH TALON ALWAYS
GLARING AND
STRAINING THE LEASH
TO TAUT THINNESS
AS HE KEPT TRYING
TO GET AT ME.



I'D LEFT THE CAVE THIS DAY TO GROPE
DOWN TO A STREAM FOR WATER. WHEN
I GOT BACK...

A MOUNTAIN
LION! HE'S
WORKING OVER
TALON!



I FOUND MYSELF
LEAPING, DRAWING
MY KNIFE AND
SCREAMING AS I
WENT THROUGH THE
AIR!

HERE I AM TALON!
HERE I AM!



BUT THE LION WAS
ROLLING OUT FROM
UNDER BEFORE I
COULD GET THE
BLADE IN... THEN
SNARLING AS HE
REGAINED FOOTING
AND CHARGED!



I FELT HIS HOT
BREATH, SAW HIS
YELLOW FANGS I
CLOSED MY EYES
AND STRUCK!

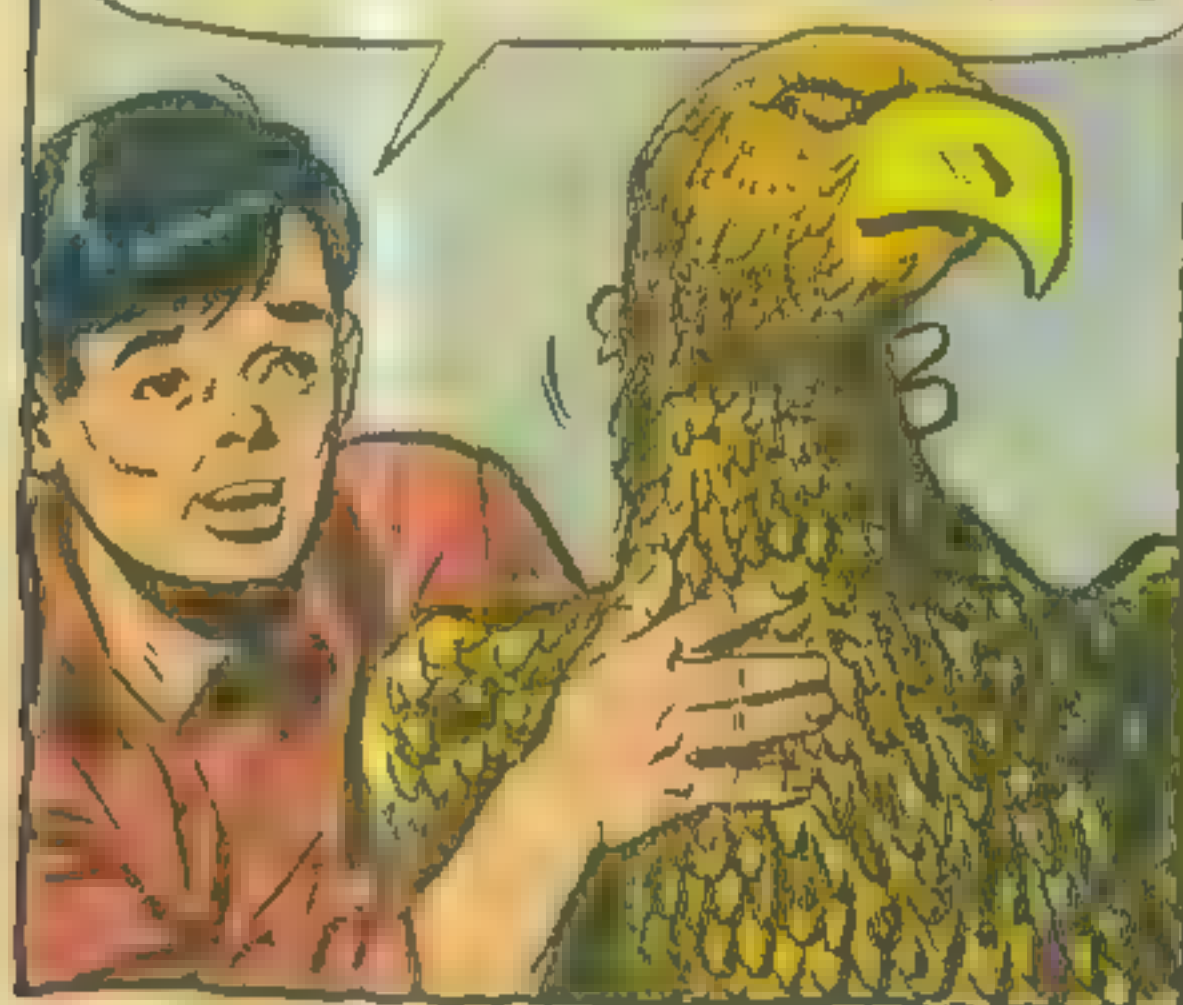


GOT HIM!
GOT
HIM!



THEN I SAW THAT
TALON WAS STRAIN-
ING HIS LEASH
TAUT-TIN AGAIN...

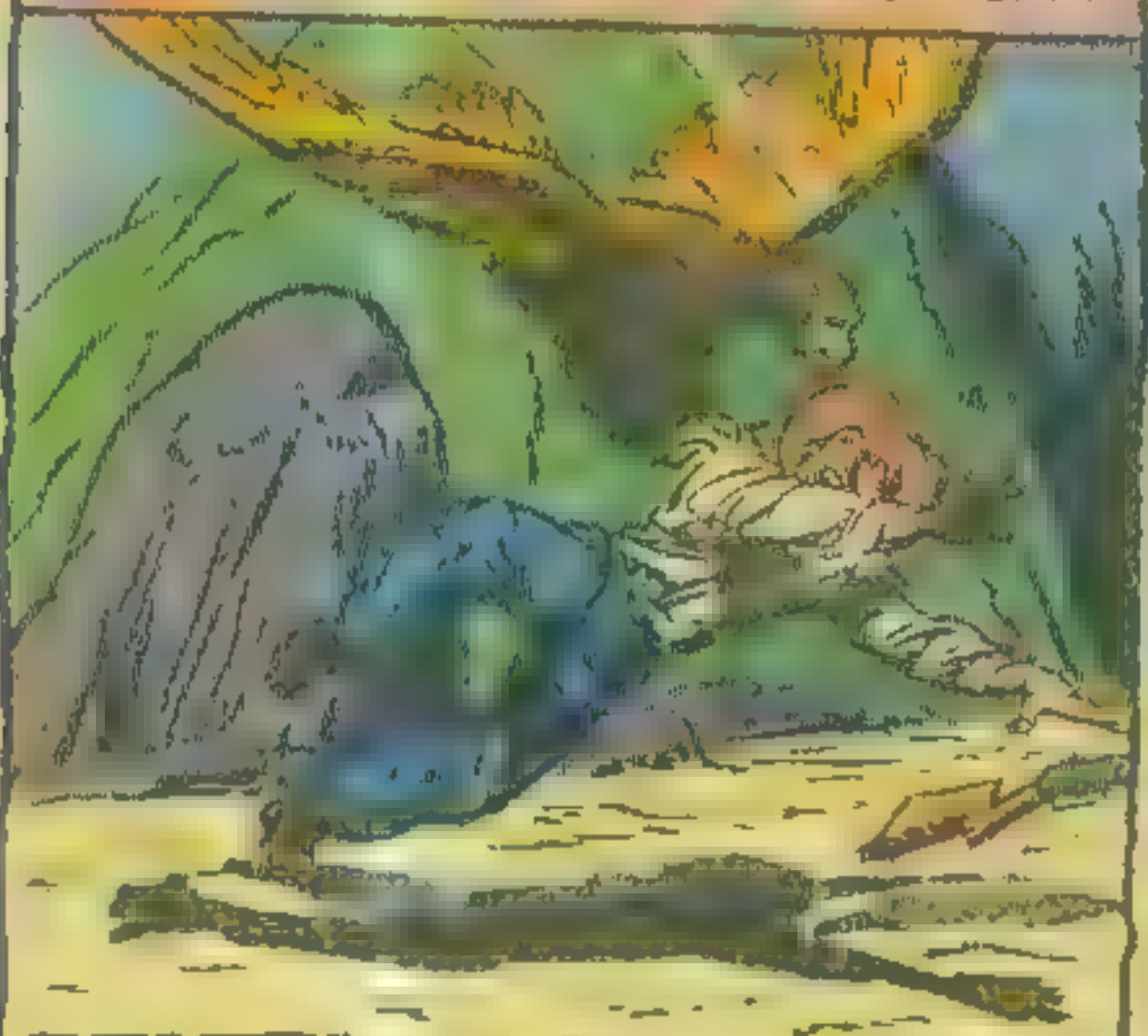
WE'RE FRIENDS NOW... RIGHT TALON?
WE'LL STAY HERE TOGETHER JUST THE
TWO OF US TILL MY DAD COMES FOR ME.



NO JESSES ON
TALON ANYMORE
...NO LEASH. HIS
WING HAD HEAL-
ED AND EVERY
DAY HE TOOK
OFF ON SLOW
SOARING FLIGHTS.
BUT HE ALWAYS
CAME BACK, AND
HE GREW CLOSER
AND CLOSER. IT
GOT SO HE COULD
UNDERSTAND WHAT
I SAID EVEN
RESPOND TO HAND
SIGNALS WHILE
IN FLIGHT. WE
HUNTED, ATE AND
SLEPT TOGETHER
...UNTIL THAT
DAY WHEN JUD
HOLT CAME TO
THE CAVE...



BUT TALON HAD BEEN SOARING OVERHEAD...



ALTHOUGH TALON WITH HIS RIPPING CLAWS
AND BEAK HAD BEEN ABLE TO THROW
HOLT OFF BALANCE AND KNOCK THE
RIFLE OUT OF HIS HANDS, THERE WAS
TOO MUCH FRENZIED WELL-MUSCLED
JUD HOLT TO KEEP DOWN LONG!

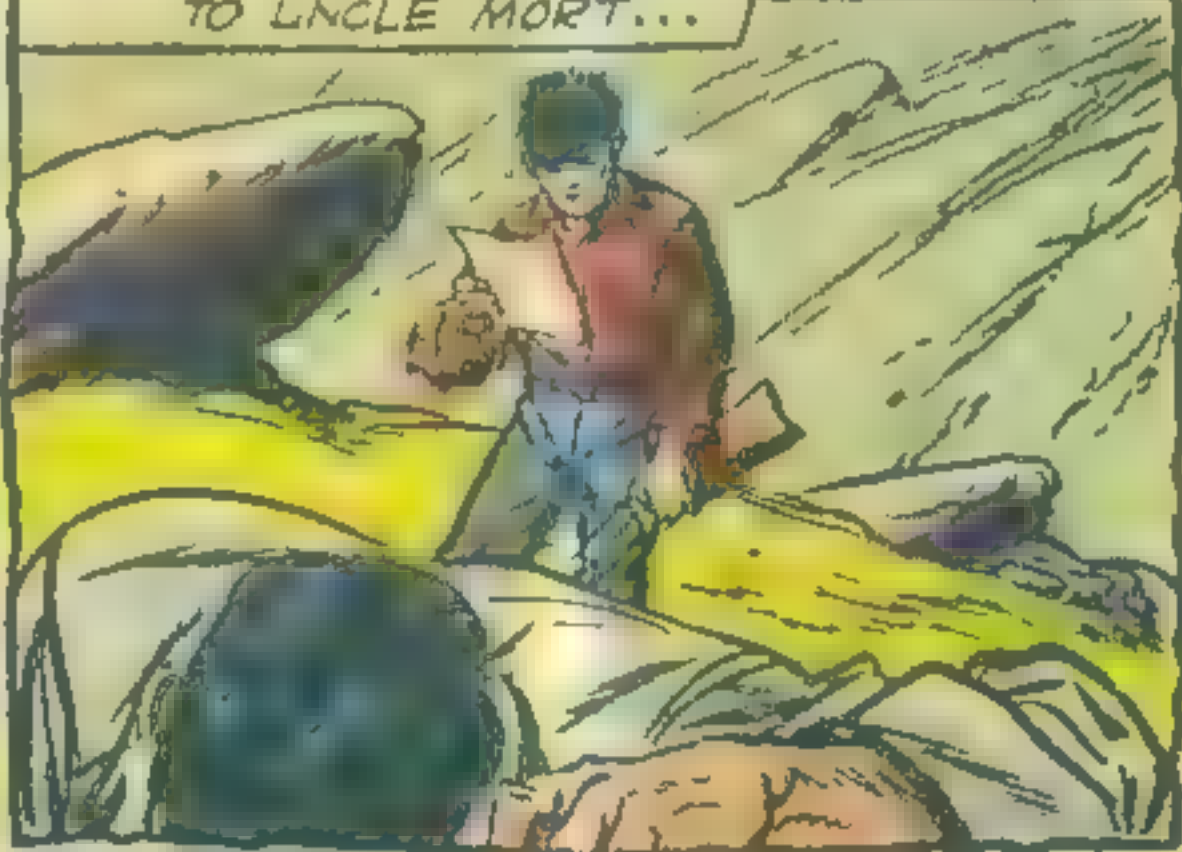


IT LOOKED BAD FOR TALON...

BUT I'D BEEN ONLY STUNNED! THERE WAS TIME TO GRAB HOLT'S RIFLE...



I FOUND A LETTER IN THE BADMAN'S POCKET. IT SAID MY DAD WAS HEADED HOME. THAT WAS WHY HOLT HAD COME SEARCHING FOR ME. HE WANTED TO GET ME BEFORE MY DAD FOUND ME. HE KNEW I'D TELL DAD WHAT HAPPENED TO UNCLE MORT...



I SPENT ALL NIGHT TALKING TO TALON. I HAD TO MAKE SURE HE'D UNDERSTAND.

I HAVE TO GO DOWN, TALON. HAVE TO LIVE WITH MY DAD. BUT YOU BUILD YOUR EYRIE AROUND HERE. I'LL BE BACK. AND THE TWO OF US... WE'LL BE A TEAM! THE SAME WAY WE FOUGHT THE MOUNTAIN LION AND HOLT, WE'LL FIGHT OTHER BADMEN!



TALON SAT SILENTLY, WATCHING AS I RODE DOWN FROM THE CAVE. FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT WATCHING. THEN HE TOOK AIR AND SOARED OVERHEAD. EVERYTIME I'D WAVE HE'D DO A WING...



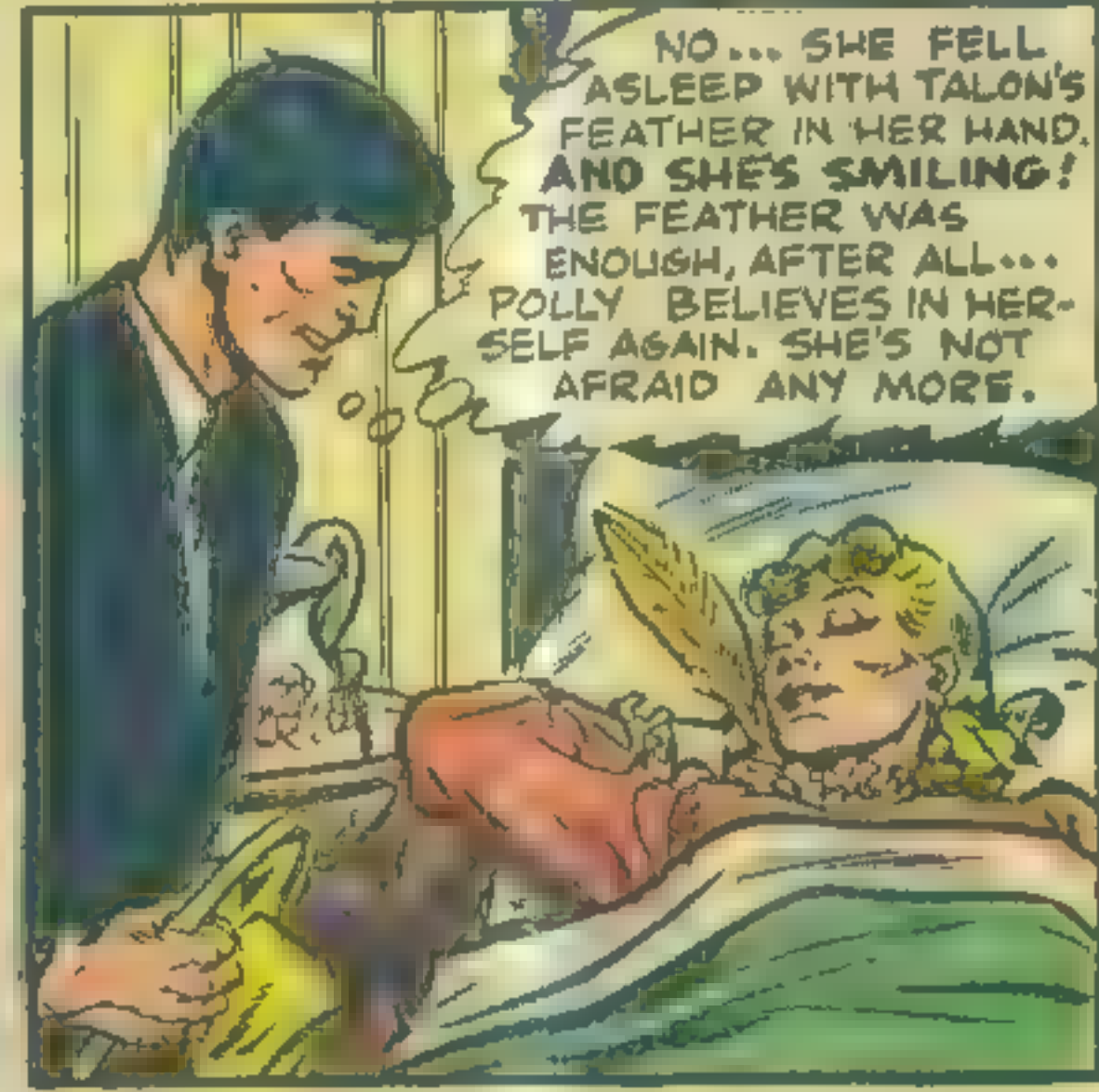
I'LL BE BACK... I'LL BE BACK!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED...? GUESS I GOT TO REMEMBERING ABOUT HOW I MET TALON AND... POLLY!! HAS SHE BEEN WAITING FOR ME TO SAY SOMETHING ALL THIS TIME...?



NO... SHE FELL ASLEEP WITH TALON'S FEATHER IN HER HAND. AND SHE'S SMILING! THE FEATHER WAS ENOUGH, AFTER ALL... POLLY BELIEVES IN HERSELF AGAIN. SHE'S NOT AFRAID ANY MORE.

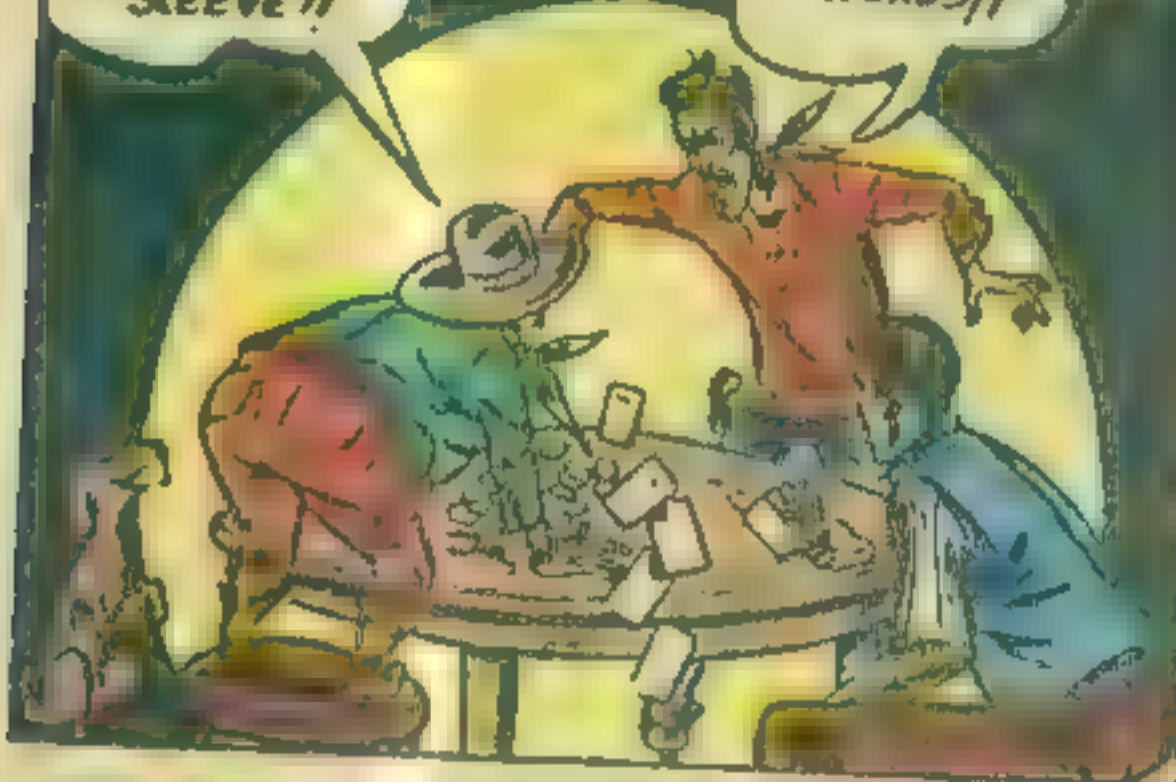


SLIM JIM and ROLY-POLY

LIFE AT THE BAR-B-QUE ISN'T PLEASANT WHEN SLIM AND ROLY ARE OUT OF HUMOR!!

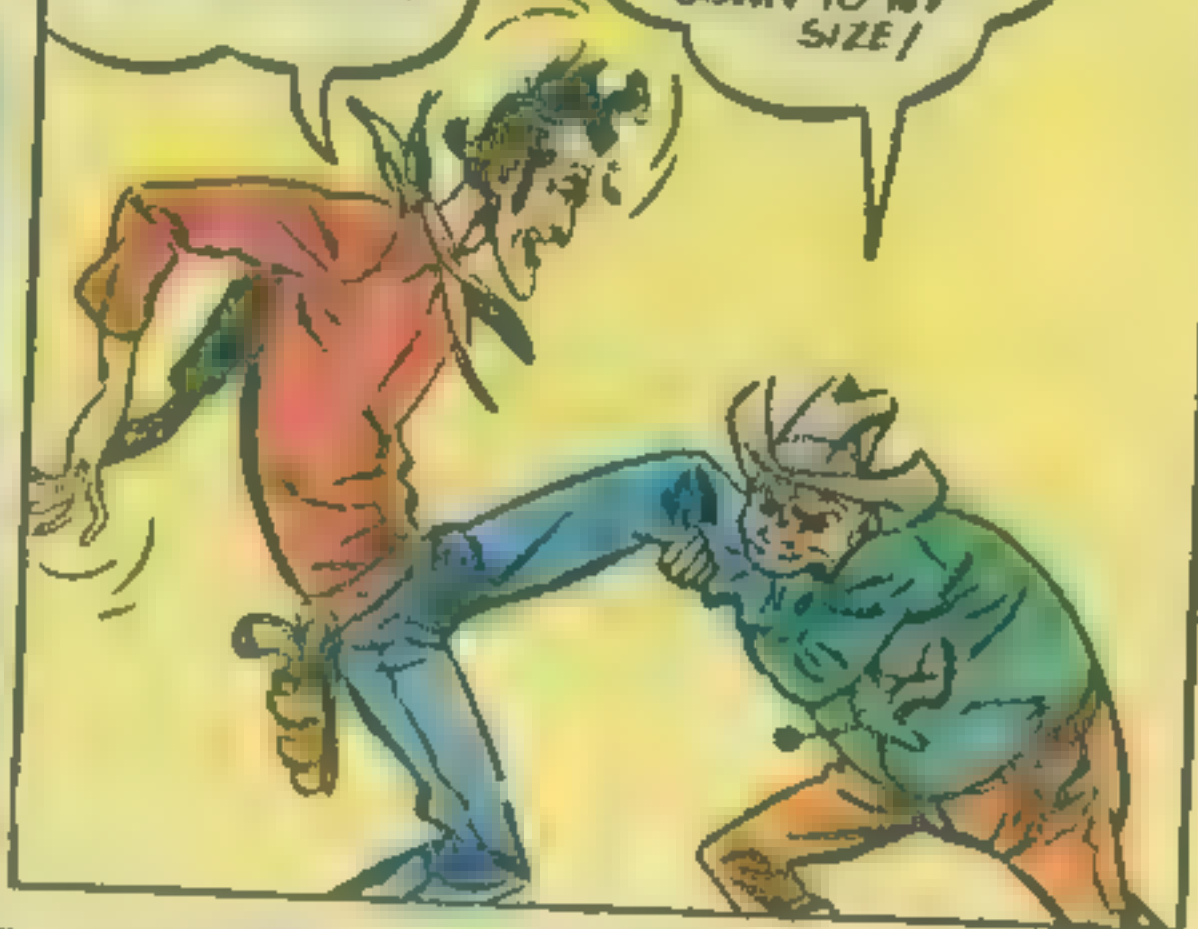
LISSEN, YOU BIG STIFF, I SEEN YOU SLIP THAT ACE OUTER YOUR SLEEVE!!

WHY YOU LARD BARREL, I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THEM WORDS!!



LEGGO MY LEG, YOU WILD COYOTE!!

GLUG! GLUG! I'LL CHEW YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE!



I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BOLE CAT!!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!!

HEY! CUT IT OUT YOU GUYS AND MAKE UP!



A FEW DAYS LATER

SAY TO THOSE GUYS DON'T MAKE UP WE'LL NEVER HAVE PEACE OR GET ANY WORK DONE!!

I GOT AN IDEA BOSS- PSSST--BZZ-BZZ-BZZ-



I GOT THOSE PRESENTS I PROMISED YOU OVER IN THE CORRAL YOUR NAMES ARE ON THEM! RIDE THEM OUT HERE!

THAT'S SWEET OF YOU

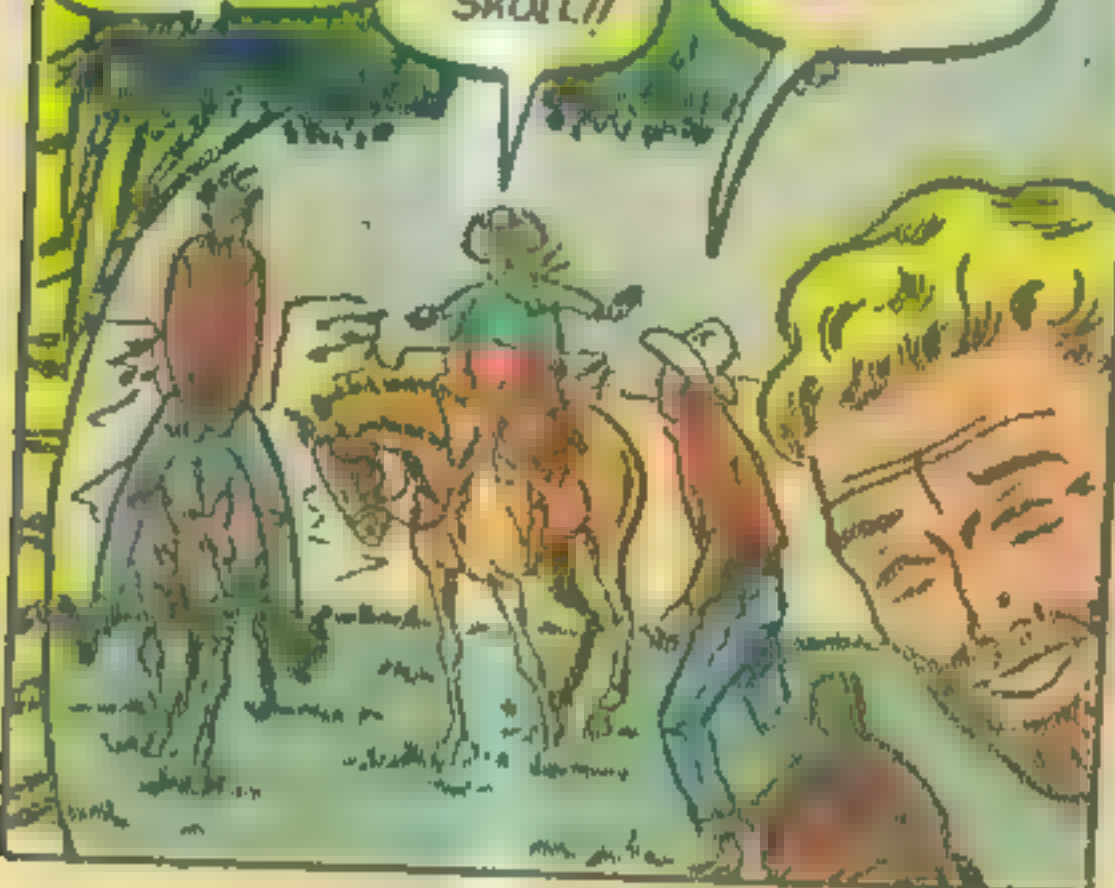
GEE, THANKS BOSS!



HEY WHAT'S THE IDEAR? NOW CAN I RIDE THIS CATTER?

IF I FAIL OFFEN THIS GIANT, I'LL BREAK MY SKULL!!

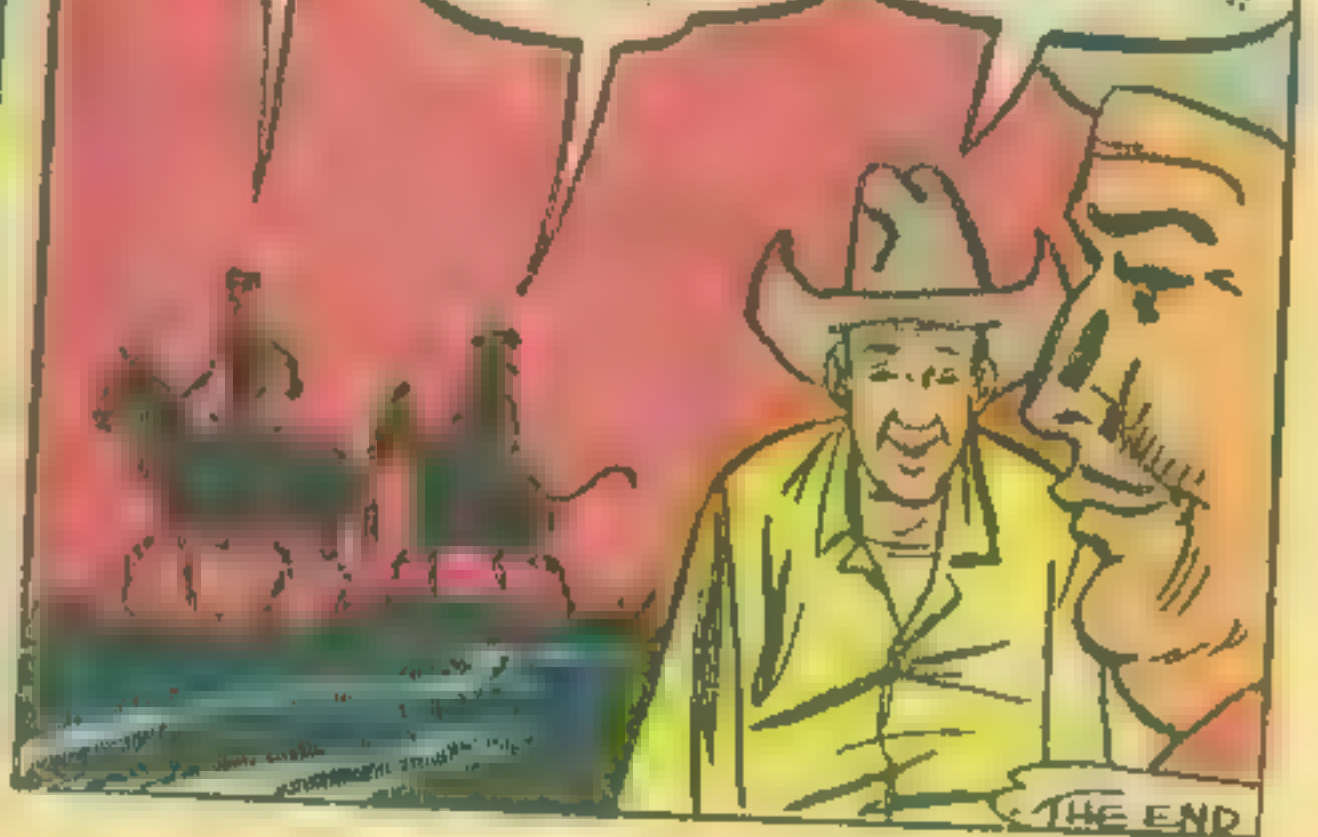
IF I'LL THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO BOYS...



THANKS, PARDNER, FOR SWAPPIN!

AND WE AIN'T GONNA FIGHT NO MORE, SLIM!

I TOLD YOU BOSS! NOW WE CAN HAVE SOME PEACE AT BAR-B-QUE!!!



THE END

THE PRINCE ALBERT KID

By BENTON RICE

WINSTON CITY was overflowing with people, wagons, horses, and trouble. For at the end of the week the United States Government was going to open a section of former Indian territory for the homesteader. You didn't have to eavesdrop to hear what was being said. People just had to shout to be heard above the noise of the creaking wagons on the main street. "Hope to get some good farm land," remarked a man from New England. "My land back east was all worked out. Sold everything I had." And an old prospector added, "Bones gettin' too old for farmin'. My old mule wouldn't pull a plow." But the main topic of conversation centered around one theme. *There are four points to the compass. Just where was the government going to open the land. To the North, South, East or West?*

A man dismounted his horse and tied his animal to the hitching rail in front of *The Elegant Hotel*. He was tall and had a small moustache that just reached over the sides of his thin lips. He wore a black sombrero, black Prince Albert, and gray trousers pulled down over a pair of highly polished black boots. He entered the hotel and started walking up the stairs. The clerk shouted, "Hey, where do you think you are going? Are you . . ." and then he stopped as he recognized the Prince Albert Kid.

The clerk quickly apologized. "Sorry I didn't recognize you. Light is bad. We got to protect Mr. Underhill. Sheriff is outside his room waiting for you."

Sheriff Ben Turner was relieved when he saw the Prince Albert Kid.

"Good thing you got here. There's been two attempts on Mr. Underhill's life. And about five times some cuss has tried to steal the land schedule. Feel mighty happy the government sent you here."

"The Prince Albert Kid is here," the sheriff announced, as he knocked at Mr. Underhill's door. "Now I can go home and

get some rest. Just let anyone try anything from now on. They'll be mighty sorry they ever started."

John Underhill motioned to his visitor to be seated as he himself sat down on the bed. "It's been like a terrible nightmare with the land schedule in my possession. My life just isn't worth a cent to some people. If they knew which section of land the government planned to open they could sell the information and make a fortune. The end of the week can't get here to soon for me."

The Prince Albert Kid smiled. "Now that I'm here I think you can do a bit of relaxing. After all, you've had a tough year surveying the land and deciding which was the best to open to the public. Where is the schedule?" The tired surveyor put his hand inside his shirt and took off a cloth money belt. He opened it and handed the Prince Albert Kid a document which was wrapped in silken oiled cloth. The West's famous man of action opened it and read the contents. Then he returned the land schedule and said, "You keep on wearing it in that money belt. Now we are going out for a bit of air."

The two walked down the stairs and out of the hotel. Side by side they walked without talking. As they passed a saloon, a group of noisy, drunken men came up to them. A tall, red-headed man looked at John Underhill. "Here's that government surveyor," he snarled. "We oughta string him up and make him tell us which section they are going to open. Bet if I filled him with some lead he might loosen his tongue." As though to carry out the second part of his threat he went for his gun.

With lightning speed, the Prince Albert Kid drew his two guns and a startled group of men saw the muzzles of two deadly .45's pointing in their direction. "If you go for your gun you'll never see it again. Out of the holster," warned the man behind the

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You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six
months after enrolling."

"I go to our work in Radio &
Television work. Four other
men work here. A
happy with my work."
—John Carpenter, Portland,
Or.

"Doing Radio and
TV Servicing full
time. I have no
time to spare."

"Course can't be beat for
trouble making set cases.
Radio-phonograph exam."
—Jesse W. Parker, Meri-
dian, Mississippi

"By graduation, had sold
for course."

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You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL TRAINING BY MAIL. You use parts common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communication Course you have many things including low power "on the air" performance of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. I give you a Multimeter you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

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Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multimeter built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with this training.

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MR. E. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3883
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

The ABC's of
SERVICING

How to Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION

VETS

two Colts. The red-headed stranger beat a hasty retreat. "Just havin' a little fun, mister. Didn't mean anything by it." And as he spoke he quickly withdrew his hand from the direction of his holster.

"I'm not exactly a coward," suggested John Underhill, "but if this keeps up, I may get a heart attack. Let's go back." The Prince Albert Kid agreed and they returned to the hotel.

When they got to the room, the Prince Albert Kid took the key from young Underhill and placed it in the lock. He turned it to the left to open the door. Nothing clicked. Then he turned the key to the right and heard the click. Again he turned the key. "This door was closed when we left. Now it's open. Something's happened. You get back to the side while I kick the door open." With his body against the wall, he kicked the door open.

Two loud reports greeted the men. On the table was a double barreled shot gun. "What a contraption," said the Prince Albert Kid. "Someone figured to murder both of us. And then what?"

As he turned around the clerk of the hotel, Walter Pierson, was in the room. "Heard the shots and ran right up," he said almost breathlessly. "What happened?" The clerk saw the gun of death and that was an answer in itself. "Oh," he groaned.

That evening, the Prince Albert Kid tried to figure out a puzzle. "It doesn't make sense," he admitted half aloud. "This attempt to kill us. Just how did our would-be murderer expect to benefit? Putting us out of the way would give him the information. Or would it?" A little smile began to play on his lips and it was evident he felt he had the key to the puzzle. But getting evidence would be another thing.

The next morning there was a visitor to see the Prince Albert Kid. He was the red-headed man who almost had started something. "My name is Jeff Giles," he said. "and I am mighty 'shamed of the way I acted. Heard about the attempt to kill both of you. Only a polecat would try something like that. If there is anything I can do to make amends, just call on me."

The Prince Albert Kid studied the face of Jeff Giles carefully. He had to decide if the man could be trusted. "There is something you can do. We must find out

who tried to kill us because they probably will do it again. And if there's one fellow I don't want to wish success — he's my would-be killer."

Late that evening the lobby of the hotel was deserted. The clerk sat with his eyes fixed on the staircase. With anger clearly written all over his face, Jeff Giles rushed into the hotel. "Where you going?" asked the clerk. "To kill those two fellows upstairs. If the Prince Albert Kid thinks he can make a fool out of me, he's got another thought comin' to him." Jeff went for his gun and it was soon in his right hand. "I'm going to knock on the door and when it opens, I'll finish them both off."

The clerk watched Jeff Giles walk upstairs. His keen ears heard a knock on the door. Then the door opened. There were two shots. A body fell to the floor. Then the anguished voice of the Prince Albert Kid moaned, "You killed both of us." And another body fell to the floor.

The clerk dashed upstairs to the room. Jeff Giles was looking at the two figures on the floor. The gun was in his hand. "Give me that gun," ordered the clerk. The command was obeyed. The clerk held Jeff's gun in his right hand. Then with his left hand he went for his own derringer. "I'm going to kill you right now," he announced. "Why?" pleaded Jeff. "It's your job to turn me over to the sheriff."

The clerk laughed. "I'll be a hero by killing you. And at the same time I'll get that land schedule from Underhill's body. And I will . . ." But he never finished those words. The corpse of the Prince Albert Kid turned over and threw the clerk to the floor. Then the closet door opened and Sheriff Ben Turner took charge of his prisoner. "Mighty warm in that closet," said the sheriff.

It was a week after the government opened the north section to the public that the sheriff came to the point. "How did you really know it was the clerk behind all the trouble?"

"Easy," replied the Prince Albert Kid. "He would have been the first up if we were killed. In fact he was the first up when the gun he set up fired. And it could only have been someone with a key. He was so nervous he left the door unlocked. Thanks to Jeff Giles we trapped him."

THE END

The SENTINEL



HISH IN THE AIR WITH HUGE WINGS OUT-SPREAD, TALON SOARS SILENTLY! TALON—THE SENTINEL OF JUSTICE!

I BEEN MEANIN' TO DO THIS EVER SINCE WE LEFT THUH MINE, JUD. BUT I HADDA WAIT 'TILL WE CAME TO THIS LONESOME PASS WHAR I COULD BE SURE **NOBODY'D** SEE ME...



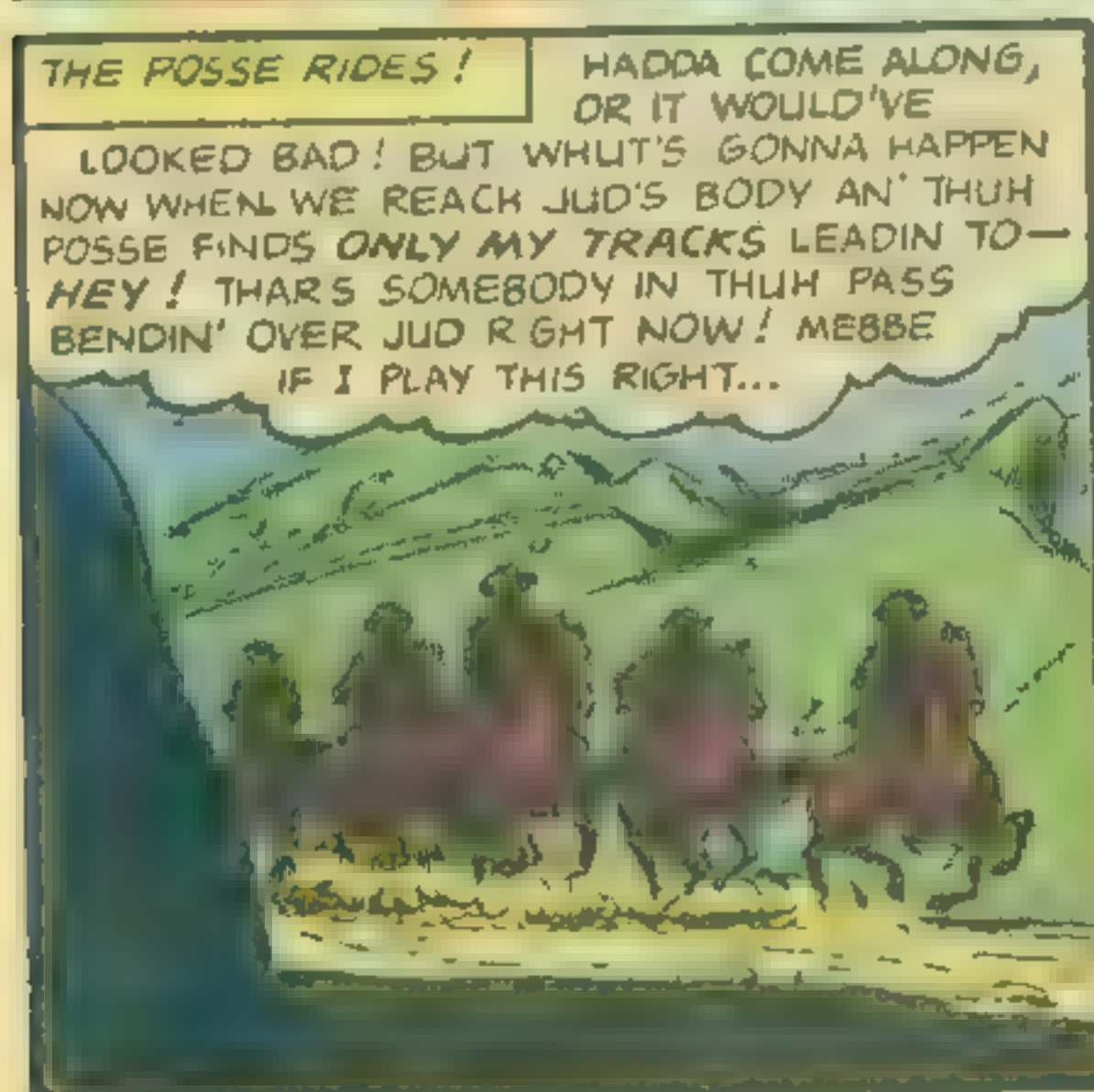
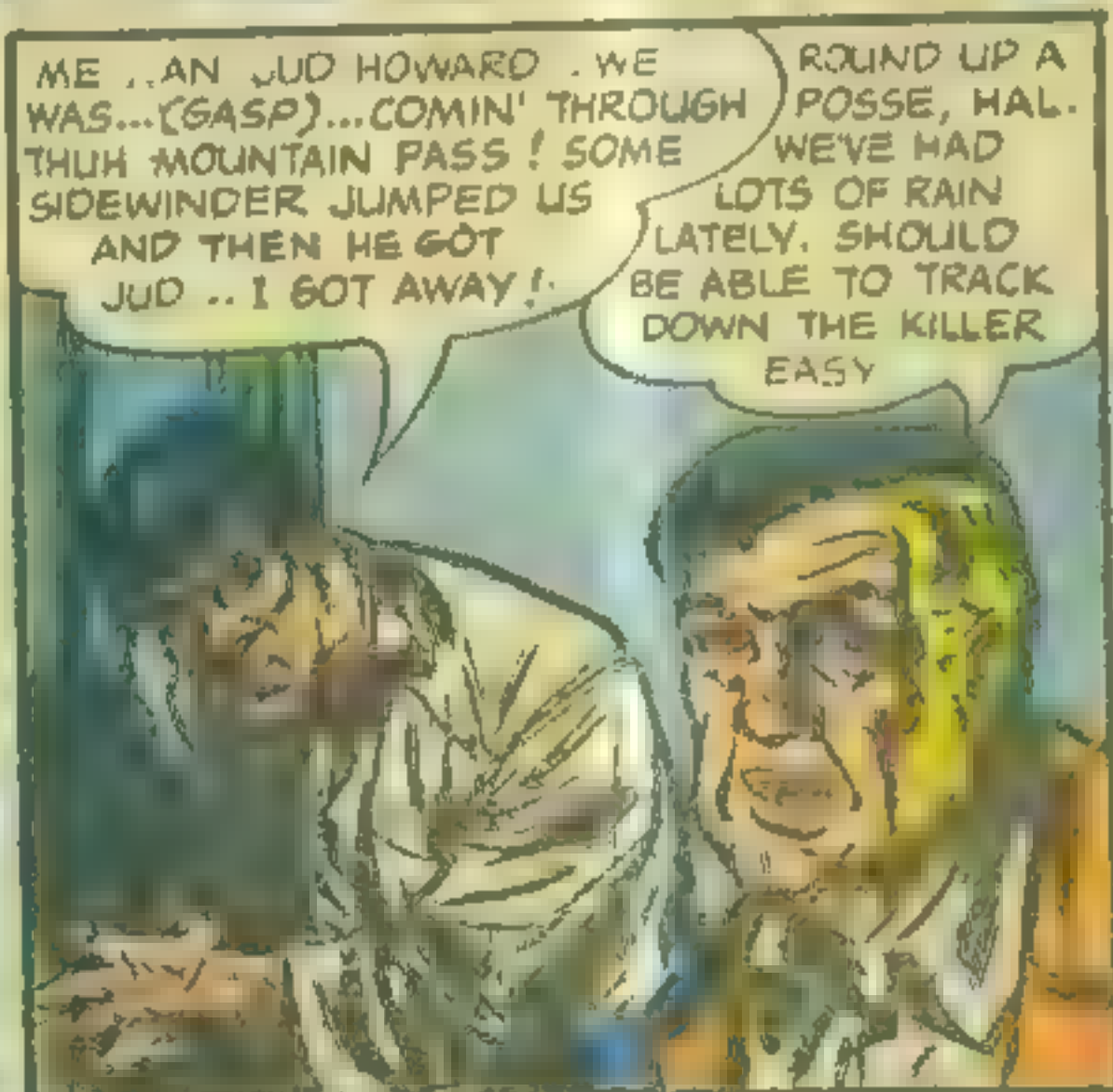
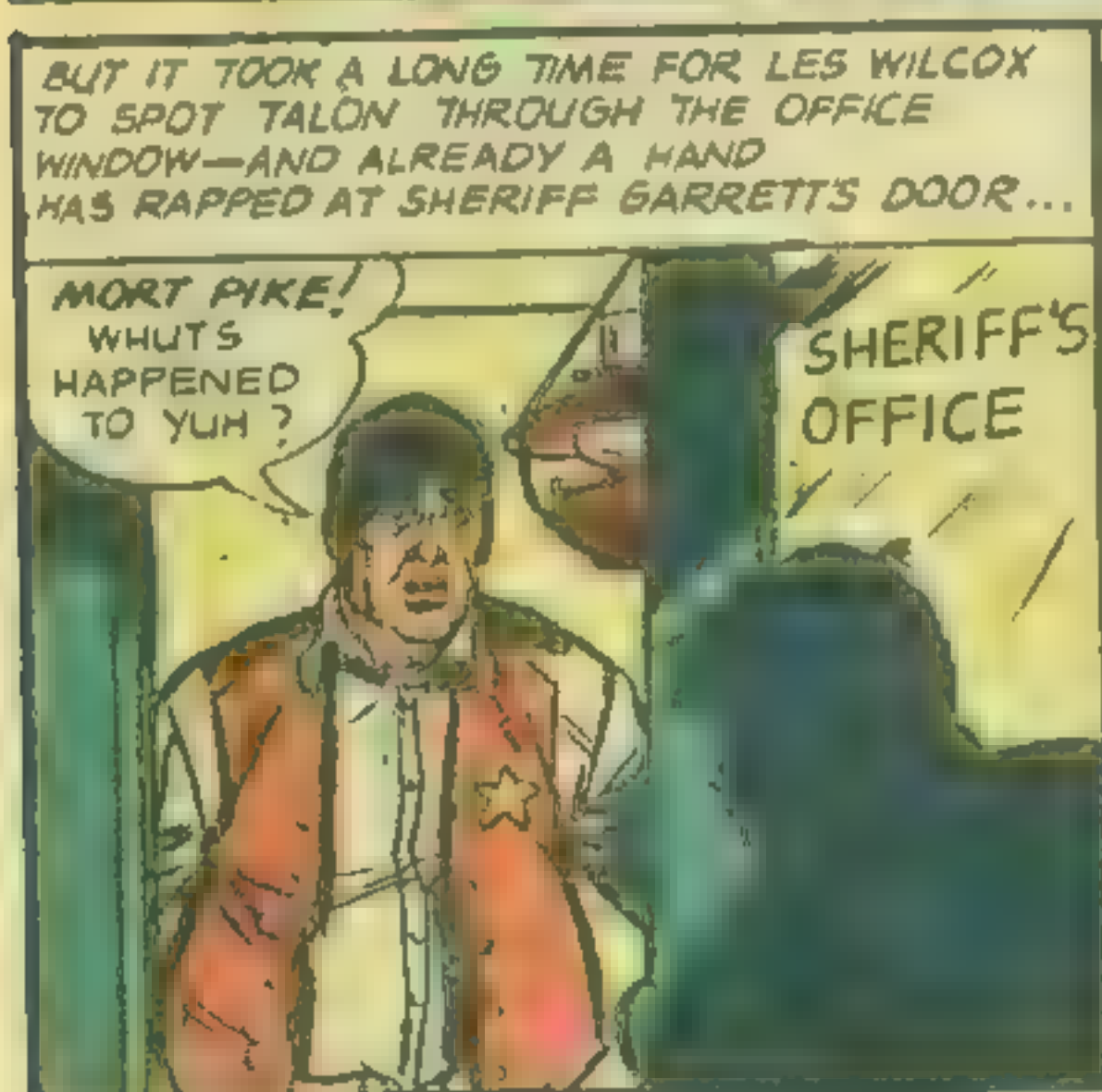
LATER, IN DOUGLAS CITY—

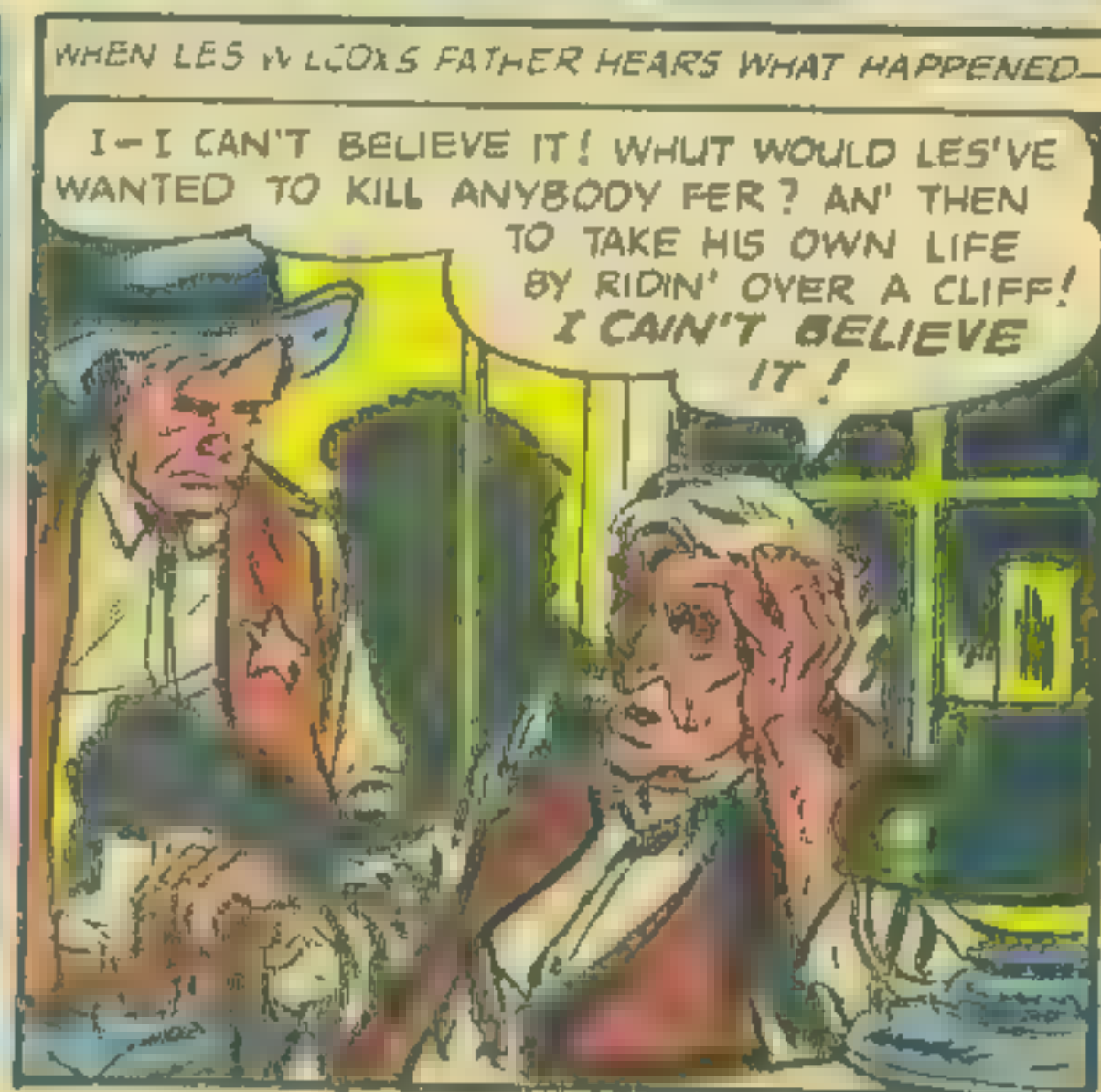
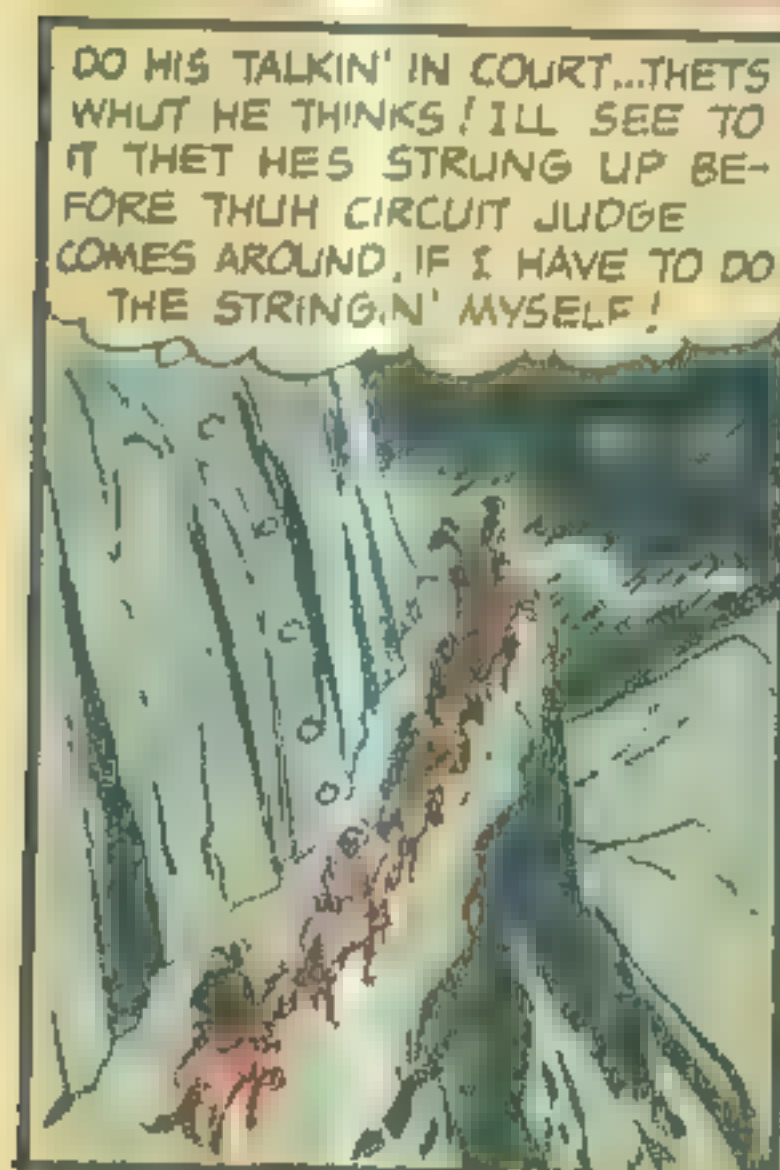
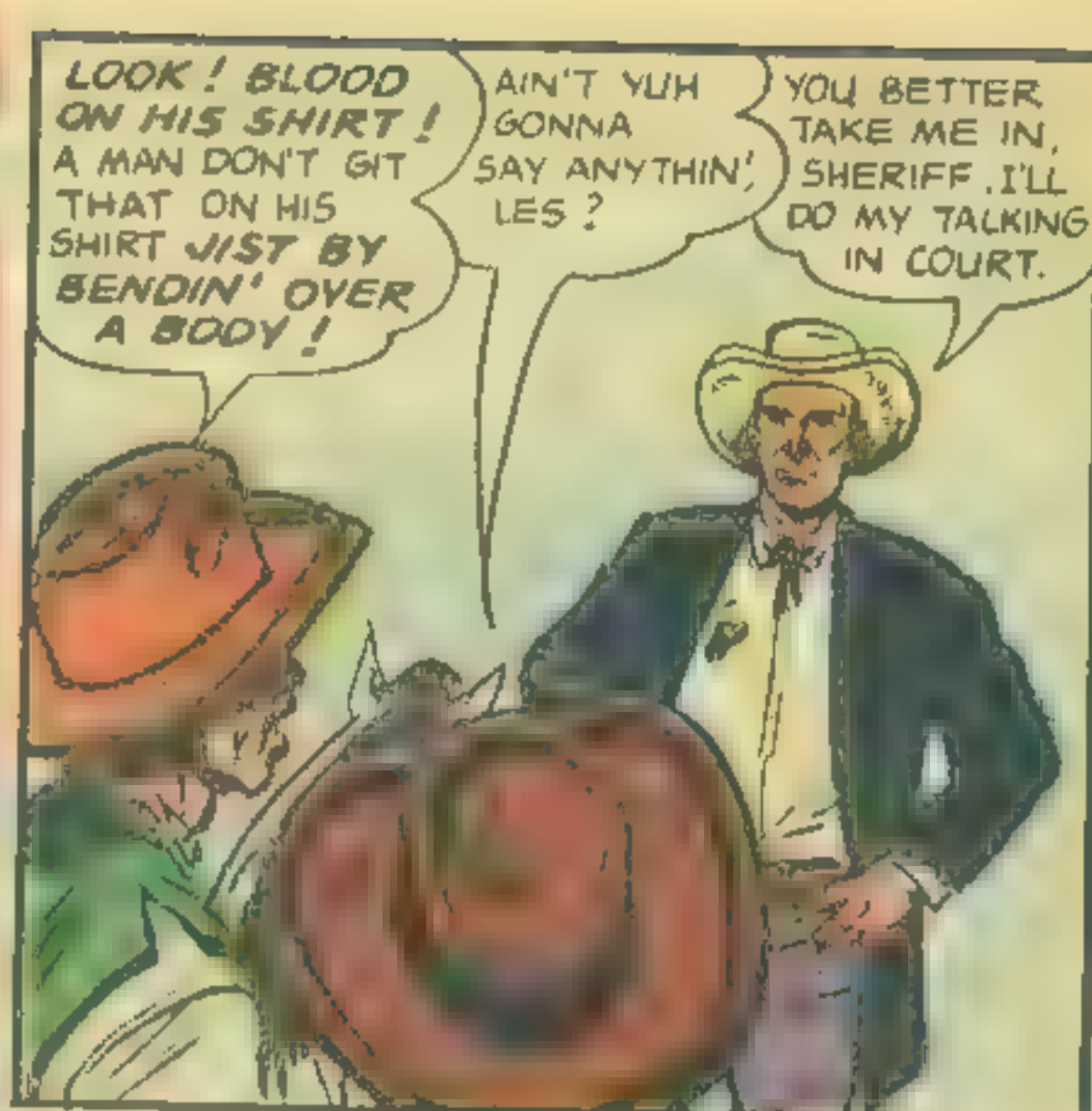
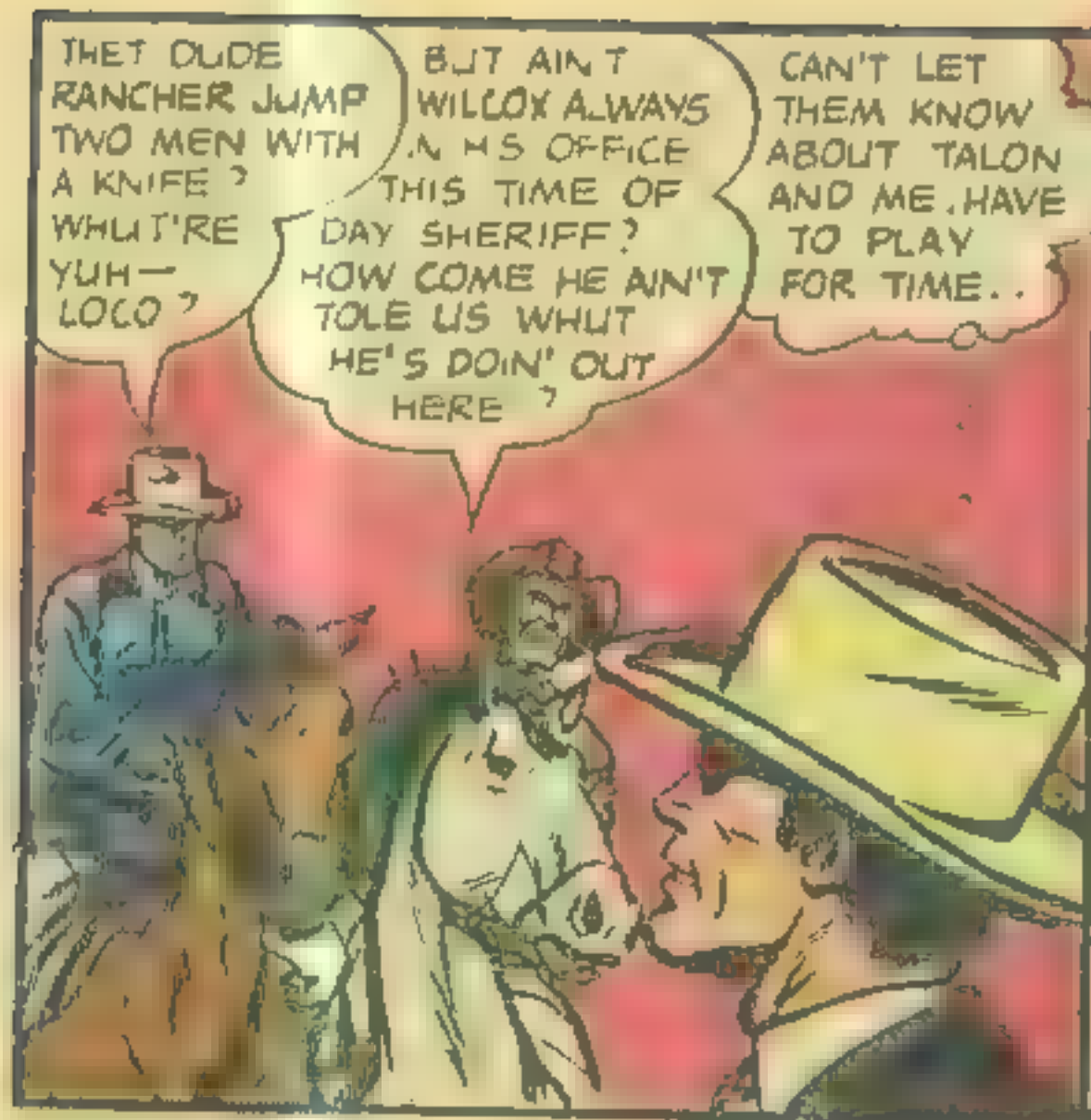
MY HUNG-UP GUNS THAN THAR ARE SPINES IN A CACTUS PLANT ..AN' THUH CLOSEST MY GROWN SON EVER GITS TO BLOOD IS WHEN HE CUTS HISSELF WITH A LETTER OPENER...

HMPF—ME WITH MORE NOTCHES IN



THAT'S TALON UP THERE!





TRY TO KEEP A TIGHT REIN
ON THET TEMPER OF YOURS.
HATE TO SAY THIS — BUT THUH
CASE IS CLOSED. THAR'S NO-
THING NOBODY KIN DO.

LES WAS MY
ONLY SON, SHER-
IFF. HE DIDN'T
TURN OUT THUH
WAY I WANTED
HIM TO... BUT LES
WAS MY ONLY
SON!



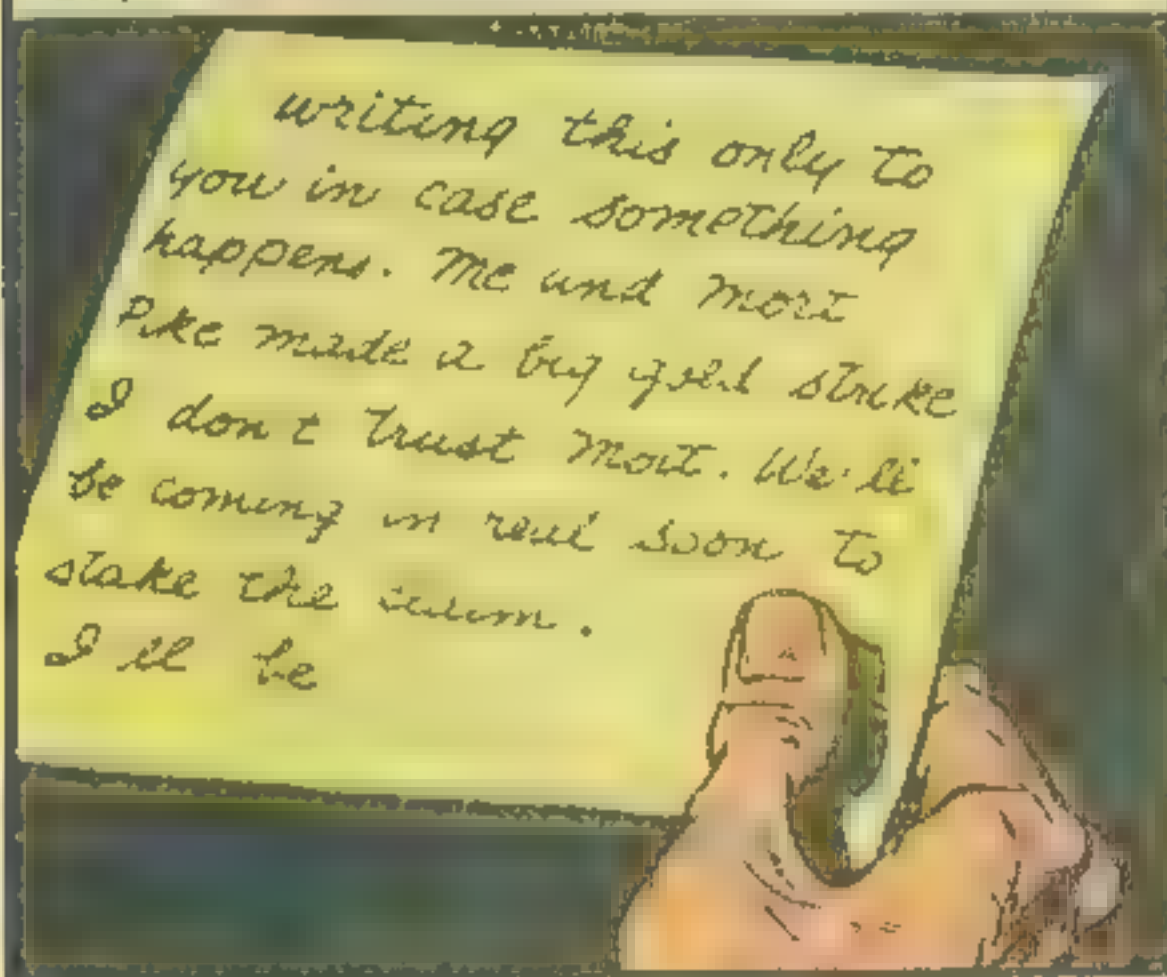
THE OLD MAN IS ALONE NOW.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LES DIDN'T
HAVE A MEAN HAIR ON HIS HEAD. AN'
WHY SHOULD HE KILL JUD HOWELL OF
ALL MEN! JUD THOUGHT THE WORLD
OF LES EVER SINCE LES DEFENDED
HIM THET TI... HMM —
COME TO THINK OF IT,
LES TOLE ME JIST
THUH OTHER DAY HE
GOT A LETTER FROM
JUD.



HIS GNARLED FINGERS TREMBUNG, THE OLD
MAN SEARCHES THROUGH THE PIGEONHOLES
ABOVE THE DESK. AT LAST —

writing this only to
you in case something
happens. Me and Mort
Pike made a big gold strike
I don't trust Mort. We'll
be coming in real soon to
stake the claim.
I'll be



MORT DIDN'T TELL THUH SHERIFF NONE ABOUT
A GOLD STRIKE! BET THUH DRYGULCHER
JUMPED JUD FER THUH GOLO! DURN THESE
FINGERS OF MINE — JOINTS ACHE SO I KIN
HARDLY BUCKLE
THIS ON...



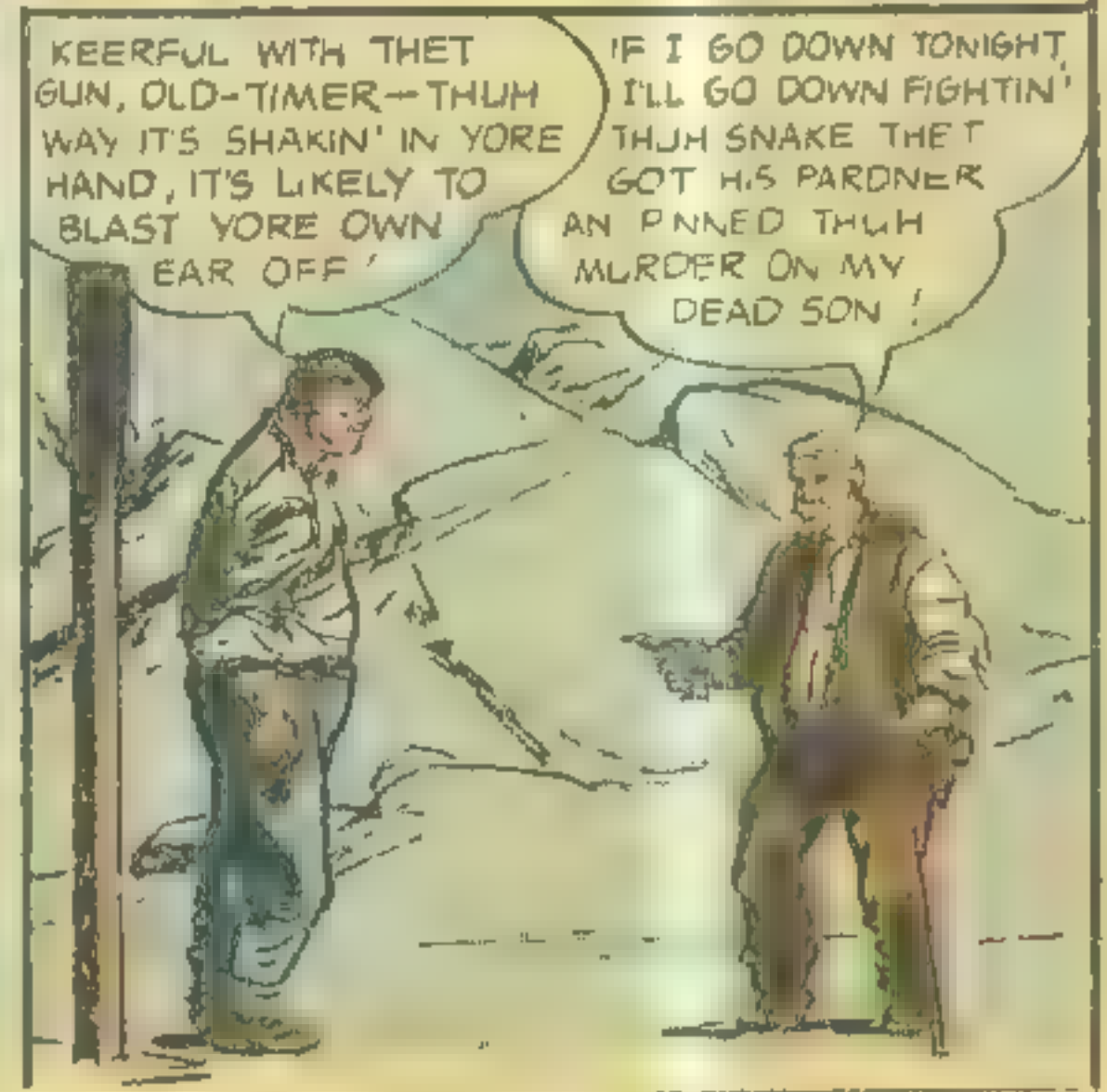
THIS HERE'S WHAR MORT
HOLES UP WHEN HE'S
IN TOWN

COME ON
OUT, MORT — I WANT
A TALK WITH
YUH!



KEERFUL WITH THET
GUN, OLD-TIMER — THUH
WAY IT'S SHAKIN' IN YORE
HAND, IT'S LIKELY TO
BLAST YORE OWN
EAR OFF

IF I GO DOWN TONIGHT,
I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTIN'
THUH SNAKE THET
GOT HIS PARDNER
AN PNNED THUH
MURDER ON MY
DEAD SON!



SHOULD'VE KNOWN AN OLE INJUN SCOUT LIKE YOU WOULD KETCH ON FAST SURE—I KILLED JUD. HIM AN' ME STRUCK A GOLD VEIN THICK AS A BUFFALO'S HUMP, AN' I DIDN'T FIGGER ON SHARIN ALL THE GOLD! BUT I OVERPLAYED MY HAND BY REPORTIN' IT TO THUH SHERIFF TOO FAST. HADDA RIDE WITH THUH POSSE—AN I'D BE SWINGIN' FROM A TREE NOW IF WE DIDN'T FIND YORE SON...



BENDIN' OVER JUD'S BODY! STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOIN' THAR OR WHY HE WOULDN'T TALK.

THUH OLE MAN'S EYES ARE SO BAD, HE DON'T SEE ME MOVIN' CLOSER!



SUDDENLY—



HEH-HEH-HEH— IF NOT FER THET TEMPER OF YOURS, OLE MAN, YUH'D HAVE THOUGHT TO CALL IN THUH SHERIFF INSTEAD OF TRYING TO TACKLE ME ALONE! WAL NOW...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE MASKED RAIDER GALLOPS OUT OF THE NIGHT, WITH BLAZING GUNS.

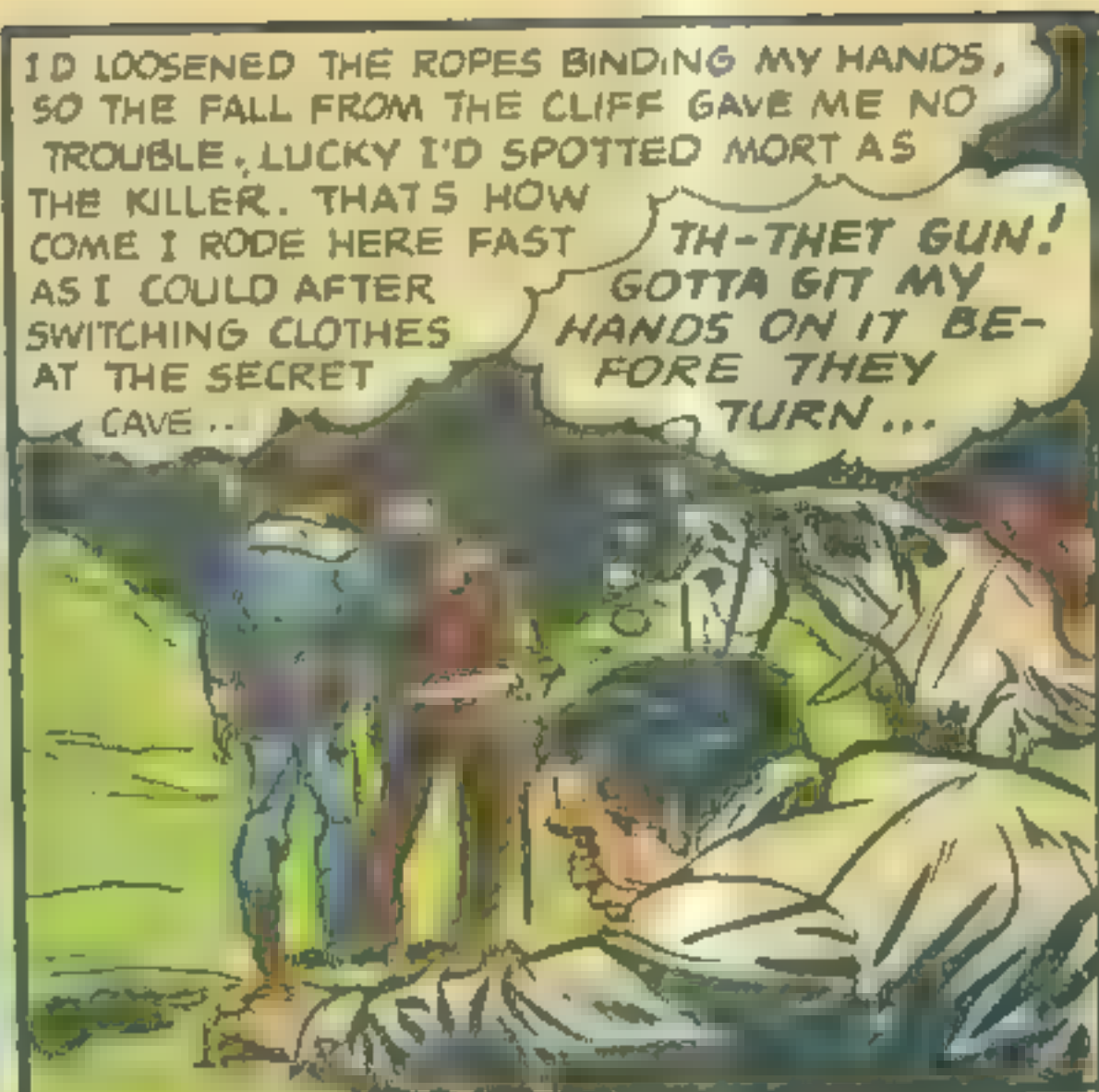
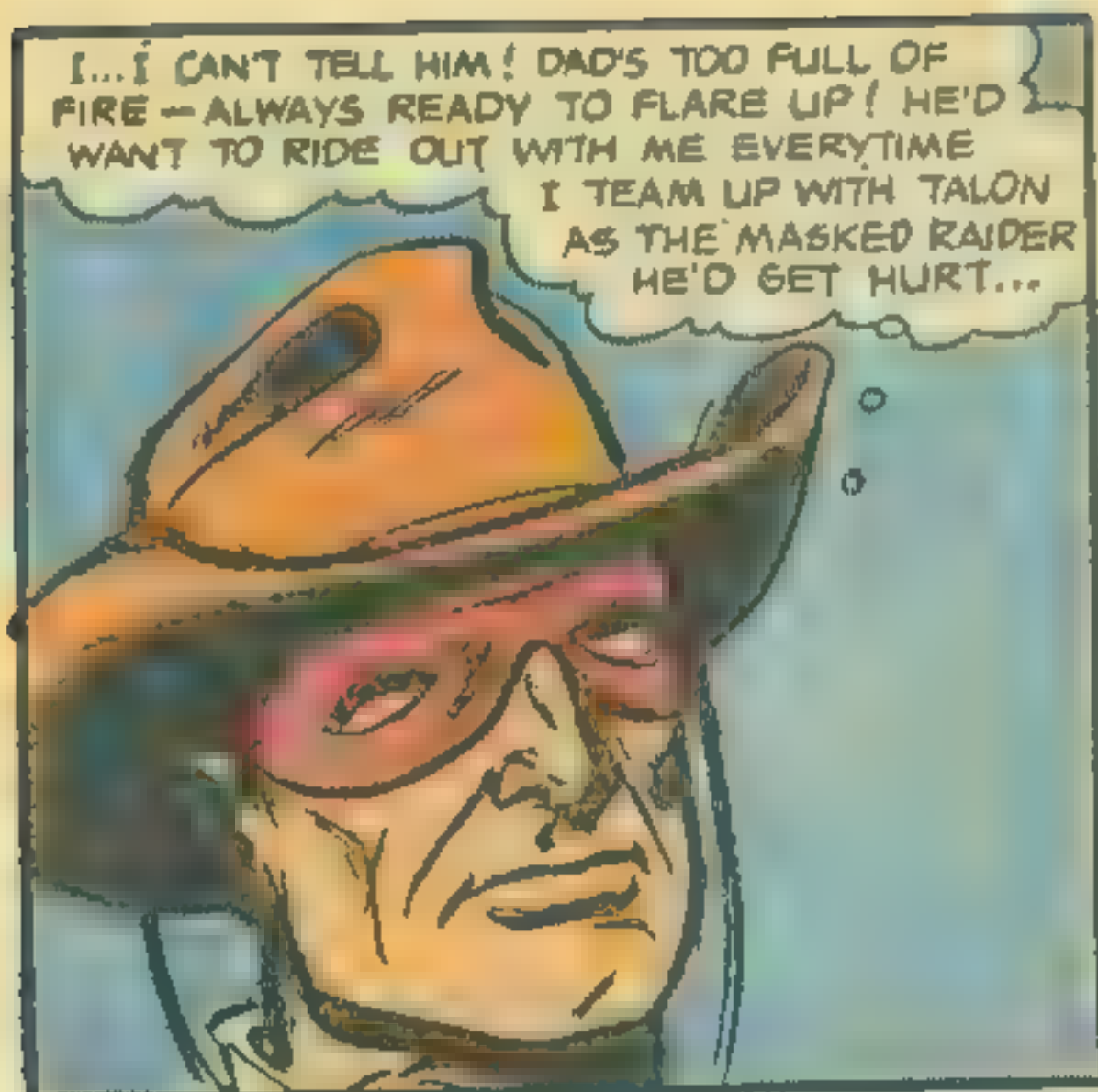


HE'S DOWN, OLD MAN— YOU'RE OUT OF DANGER.

SURE, HE'S DOWN B-BUT... (SOB)... THET DON'T BRING MY BOY, LES, BACK TO LIFE AGAIN!

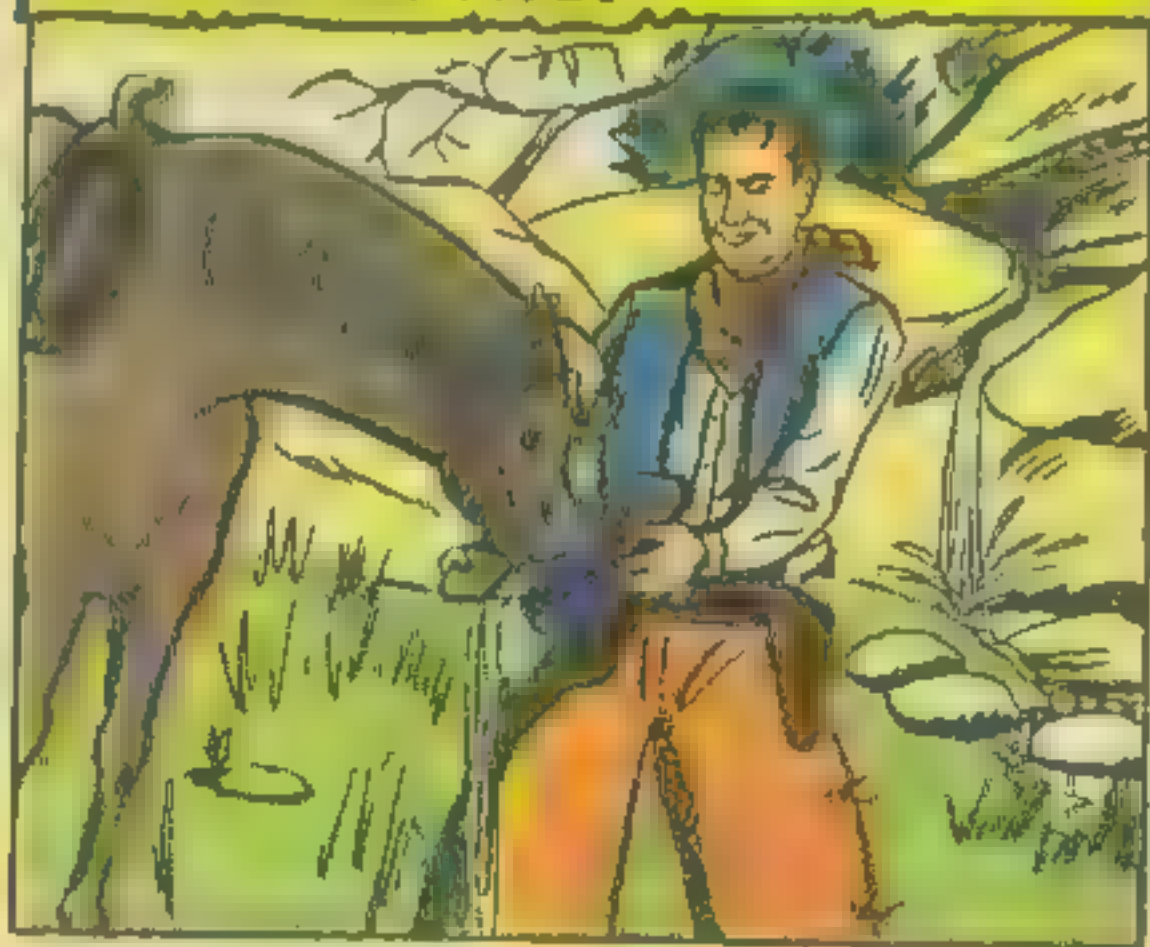


WHY DOES THE MASKED RAIDER HESITATE TO REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY TO HIS SCORNING FATHER?

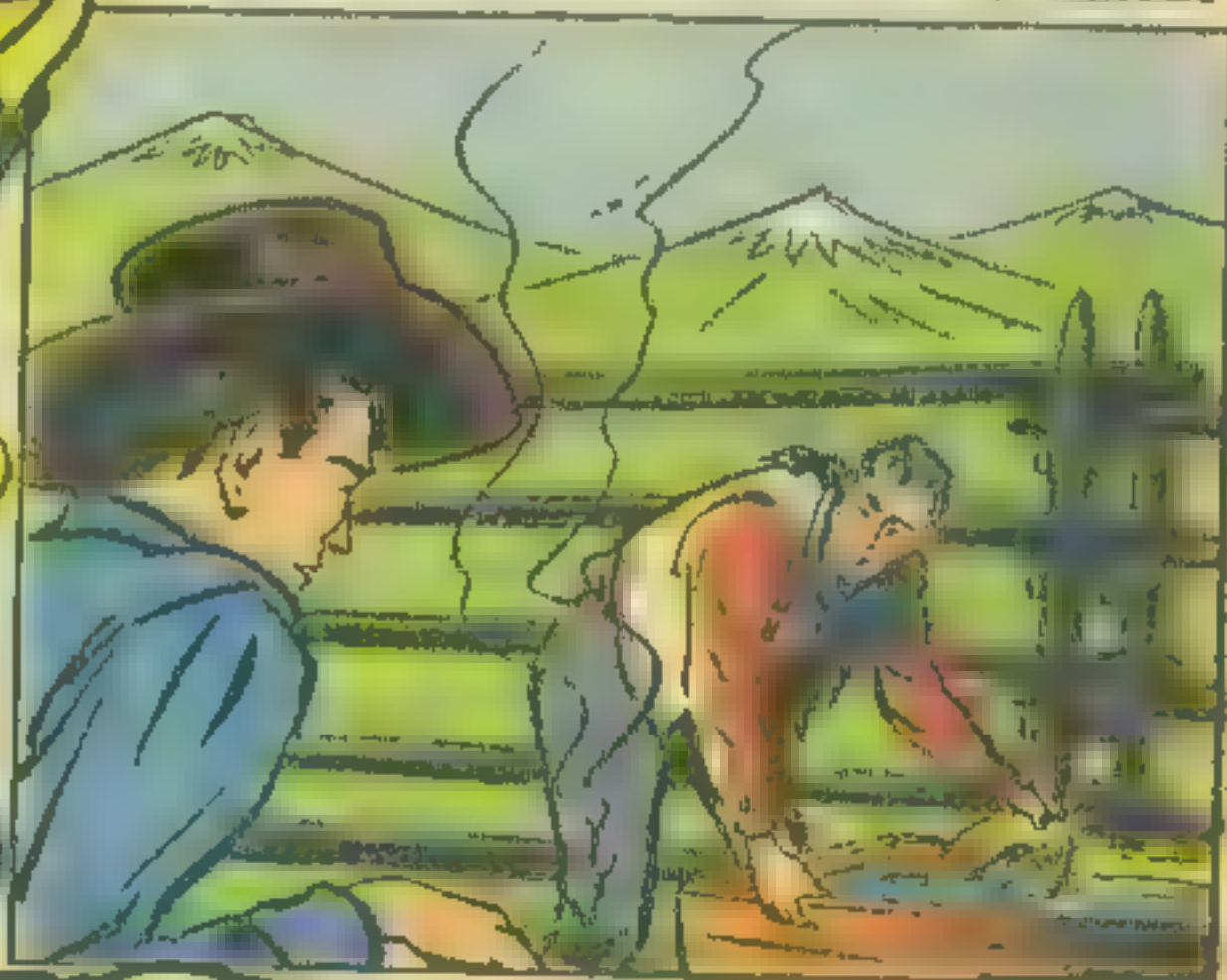


COWBOY HATS

THE WIDE BRIM ACTS AS A SUNSHIELD. THE LARGE CROWN ALLOWS FOR PLENTY OF AIR SO THE COWBOY'S HEAD DOESN'T GET TOO HOT. IN AN EMERGENCY THE HAT COULD BE USED AS A WATER PAIL!



BUT MOST DESERT COWBOYS PREFER A CHEAP 98¢ STRAW. FIRST THE HAT IS SOAKED IN A HORSE TROUGH TO BREAK DOWN THE ORIGINAL BLOCKING.



THE TEN GALLON HAT IS THE HALLMARK OF A COWBOY!

MODERN RODEO COWBOYS WEAR DISTINCTIVE HATS, EACH INDIVIDUALLY SHAPED!

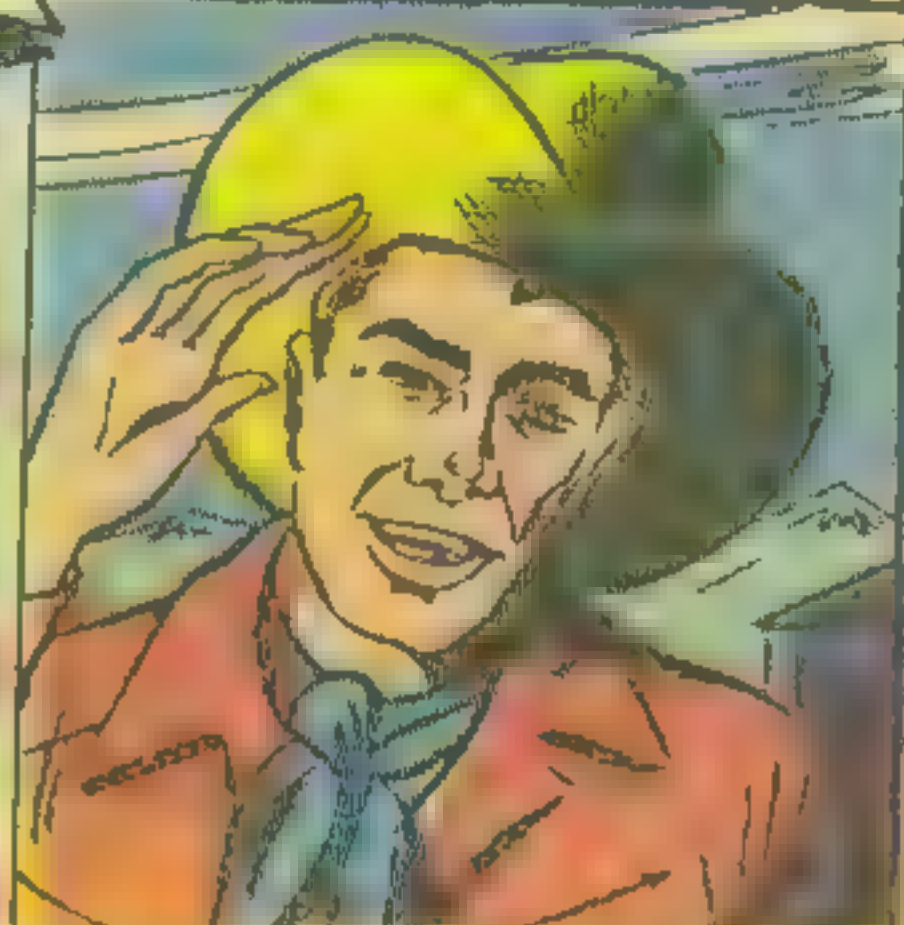


WHILE STILL WET THE HAT IS MOLDED WITH EXTRA RIDGES TO GIVE IT PROPER DASH!

YER GOIN' TER BE A REGULAR DUDE, LEM!

TIED AROUND WITH A BELT, THE HAT IS THEN LEFT IN THE OPEN FOR THE SUN AND WIND TO DRY AND MOLD IT.

A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES AND THE HAT IS READY FOR WEAR. THE OWNER IS "RIGHT PROUD" OF HIS OWN CREATION.



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Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist".

No. 137

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To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222.... Only 1.00

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NO SKILL REQUIRED

5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED

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No. 133

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No. 240..... 1.50



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Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

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Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

No. 247

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BLACK EYE JOKE

"See Naughty Lady." They look and look and they blacken their eyes without knowing it.

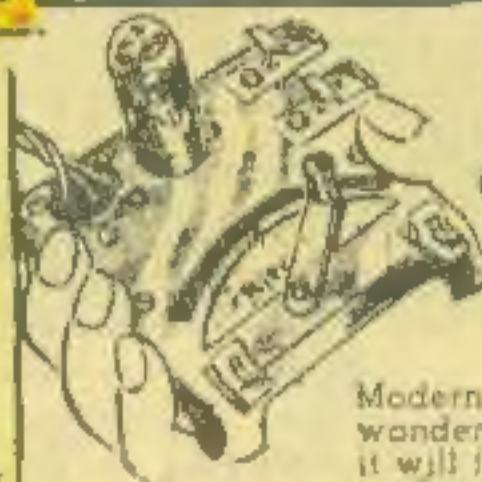
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Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

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10 DAY TRIAL FREE

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Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00.

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

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☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

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Style 160H

Style 160H—For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in line durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S" and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14.

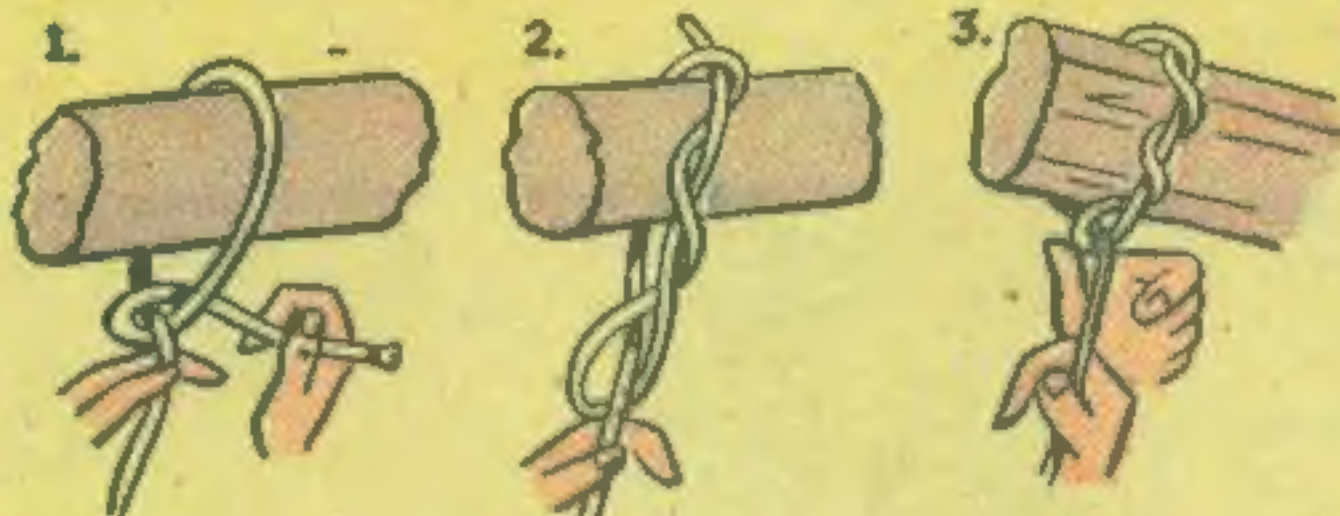
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AND NOW WE'LL GO ON TO SOME MORE HELPFUL AND USEFUL KNOTS!

TIMBER HITCH

PASS END OF ROPE UNDER AND AROUND LOG. CARRY END UNDER AND OVER THE STANDING PART. TWIST THE END AROUND ITS OWN PART A FEW TIMES.



TAUTLINE HITCH

THIS KNOT FORMS A LOOP WHICH WILL NOT SLIP WHEN ROPE IS TAUT, BUT WILL SLIP WHEN TENSION IS RELEASED! IT IS USEFUL FOR TYING TENT GUY LINES TO PEGS! IT IS TIED THE SAME AS TWO HALF HITCHES, EXCEPT THAT THERE IS AN EXTRA TURN AROUND THE STANDING PART, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STRAIN!



ASSORTED KNOTS



BOWLINE ON A BIGHT

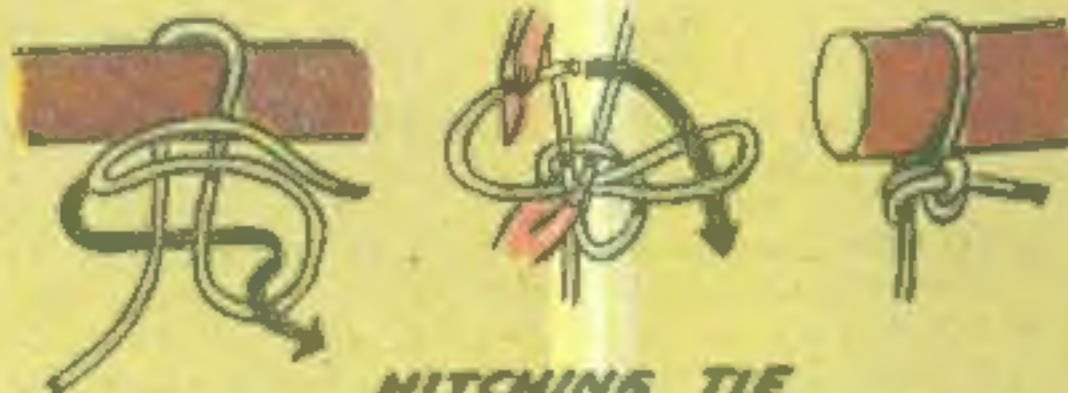


SHEEPSHANK



SLIP KNOT

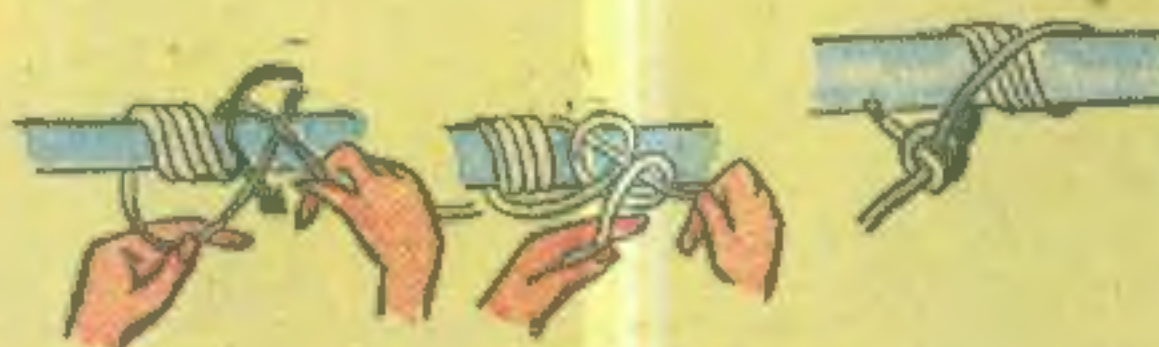
STEVEDORE



HITCHING TIE



GIRTH HITCH



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Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!

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